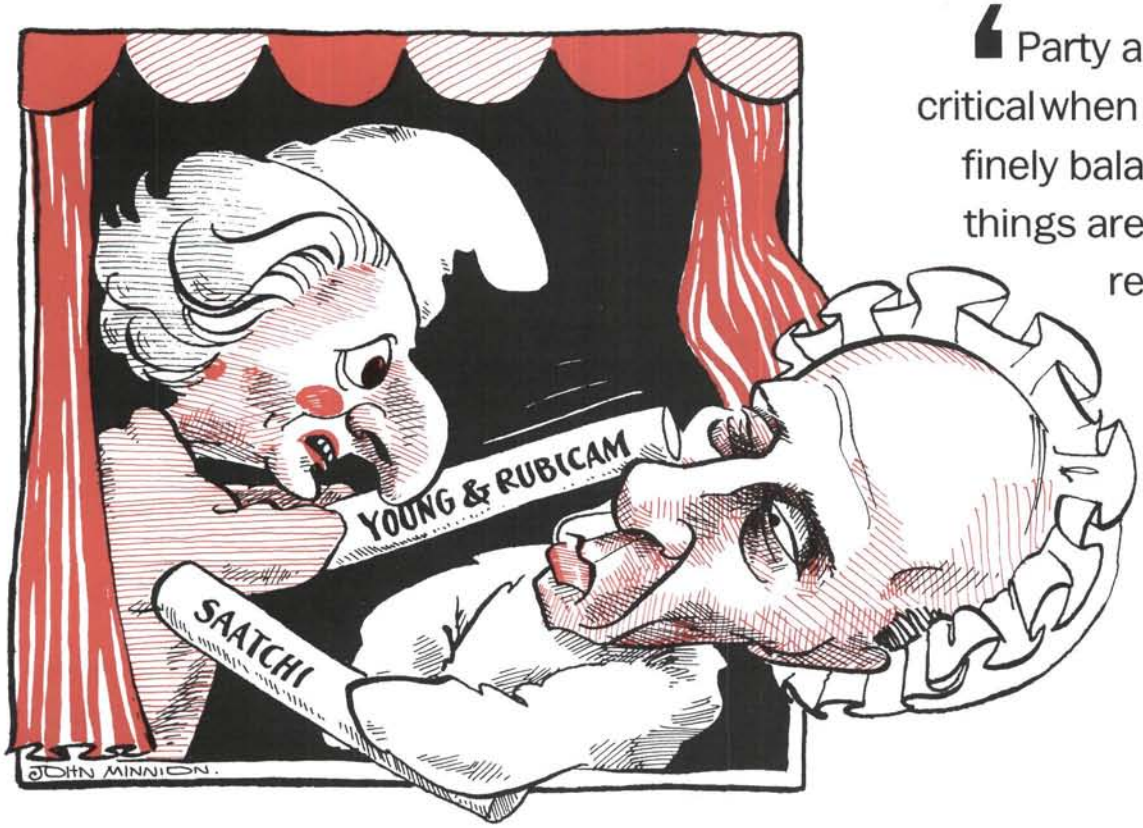
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIBRARY
Display Copy

New Statesman
22 August 1986 | IR£1.34 | US$1.50 By Air | 90p

EDINBURGH
Leapman on TV Fest
Calder on the rest

South Africa: the whites huddle round Botha
Media: French TV goes private; journalists' union stays daft
PLUS: Maureen Duffy on humans and animals; healthy eating

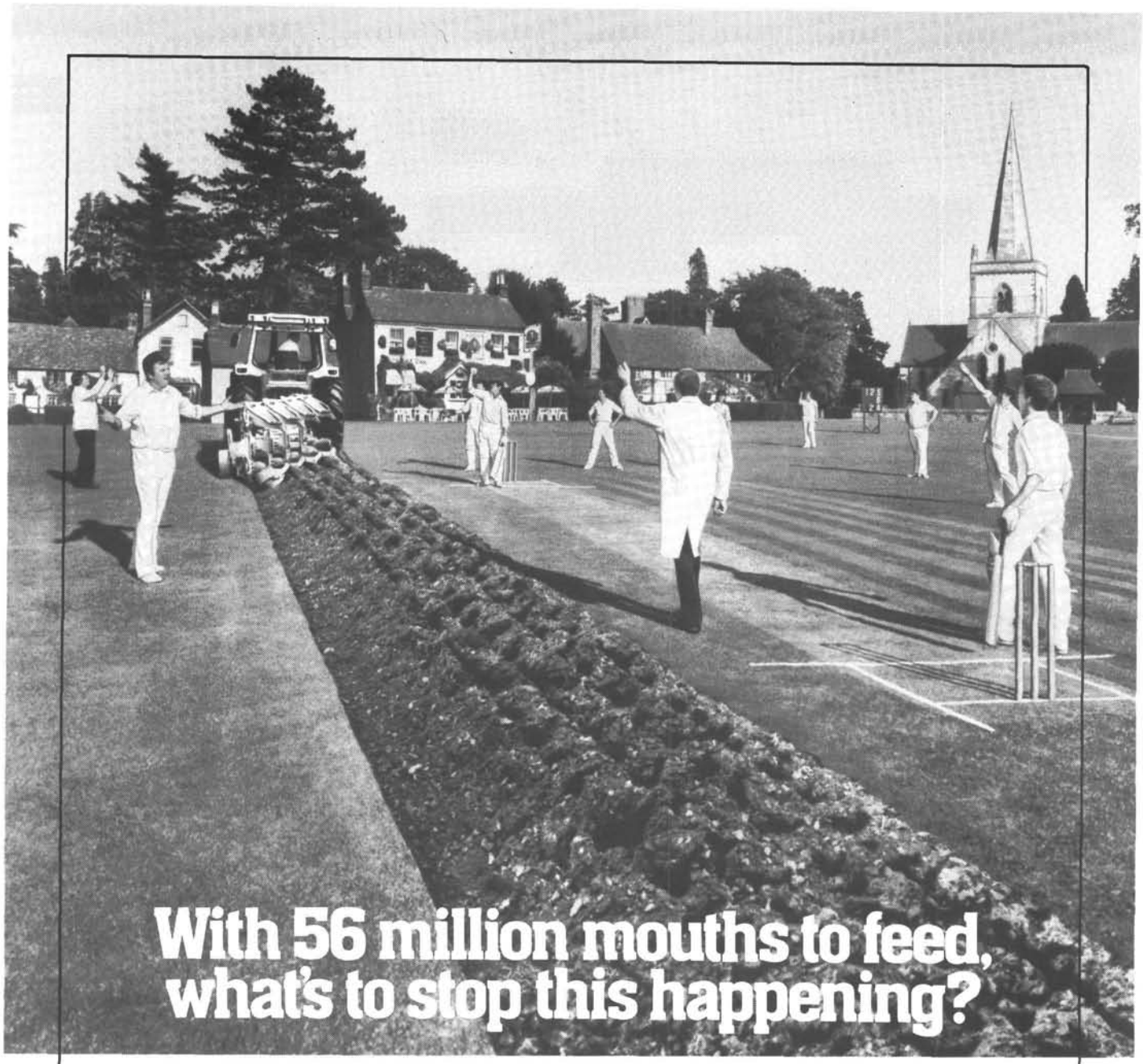
THE WAR *of the* AGENCIES



'Party advertising is critical when an election's finely balanced. In '88 things are going to be really tight . . . the Parties' choice of advertising agencies is going to be crucial'

Bob Worcester
MORI

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



With 56 million mouths to feed, what's to stop this happening?

That the picture above might become reality doesn't bear thinking about.

But it won't happen, thanks largely to the efficiency of today's farming.

We have around 8 million more people to feed now than in 1945. Yet rather than gobble up more land to feed them, we in fact use thousands of acres less for food production. So thanks to fertilizers, and associated advances, we now not only produce virtually all the food we need, but can also conserve more land for leisure and other uses.

Producing food and enriching the environment.

Concern for our environment is vital: farmers themselves play as important a part as anyone in protecting it.

They live and work on the land; their livelihood depends on it.

The unpublicised majority of them are more and more actively seeking positive ways to enrich it, planting more trees and enlarging existing wildlife habitats. Around 7 million new trees were planted on English and Welsh farms last year.

In fact, FWAG (The Farming and Wildlife Advisory Group) was invited by a further 3,000 farmers in 1985 to visit their farms and provide conservation advice.

And while they're caring for the land, they're growing enough food for all the rest of us, and others too. In 1984, our exports of livestock and other food produce amounted to something like £4 billion, putting farming high in the top league of exporters.

The important role played by fertilizers.

The proper use of fertilizers benefits the soil, returning natural elements vital for healthy crop growth.

They help maintain an ample food supply to sustain our population, and play their part in allowing the landscape to be conserved.

That's why ICI Agricultural Division takes pride in being Britain's leading manufacturer of fertilizers.

It's also why the picture above won't become a reality.

You are invited to write to us for more information on the issues raised in this advertisement.

Please contact Mrs. Diane York at ICI Agricultural Division, PO Box 1, Billingham, Cleveland TS23 1LB.

ICI **FERTILIZERS**

Helping nature – and Britain – to grow.

As a major supplier to agriculture, ICI Agricultural Division is running this series of advertisements, designed to increase public awareness both of the role of fertilizers in modern farming and of other key issues involved in the production of British food. Many of the facts presented here will be familiar to the farming community, but we believe we have a responsibility to help keep the general public fully informed on these major and complex issues.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

New Statesman
Vol 112 No 2891 22 August 1986

Retreat behind the image makers

SAATCHI & SAATCHI

ALL THREE of our main political parties are in a spin over how to promote themselves. The Conservative Party leads the confusion: it has been seen to be internally split over which ad agency to use for its election campaign — the twice-winning Saatchi and Saatchi, or the US-owned Young and Rubicam, which has come up with a new wheeze called VALs (see p6) which has delighted the Prime Minister because it appears to show that political support is classless.

This is only part of the story. The relative merits of VALs over conventional research is not a live issue — indeed, the Stanford Research Institute, which developed the technique, told us it should not be used for political polling and most experienced agencies use it very selectively. What *is* at issue is the future of the Prime Minister, and her perceived need to bolster her image within the Tory Party as well as in the country — under fire as she is from wets who think her a liability and a right who think she has lost her way and are urging a 'new agenda' upon her.

The battle of the agencies, indeed, is very largely a proxy for the deepening rift between the Prime Minister and the party chairman. He is now the first to criticise her in cabinet; she is now often heard to doubt his ability. On her debit sheet, the polls stay low, the Tory Party private polls show her unpopular and she has had a stream of Cabinet disasters. On his, the Party funds have not been replenished, the Chairman still puts his foot in other departmental briefs and the injunction he took earlier this week against the far-right Federation of Conservative Student's magazine *New Agenda* looks like a sledgehammer cracking nuts. The fragmentation in the Tory right, for long the dominant trend in the Party, is a welcome sign that it is losing its organisational as well as its intellectual grip.

But the Tories are not the only ones with rifts. The Alliance, we discover, has had a simmering row over its publicity strategy for some months: the SDP want to bring in the pros, the Liberals have a grassroots distrust of them. The agencies who deal with them are finding it hard to discover a coherent voice: this does not make the Alliance's account the hottest property in town.

Labour has had recent searing experience of being incoherent: its leadership are all veterans of the 1983 campaign, in which a thousand (differing) voices boomed. It retains some gut distrust of the admen's wiles: but the perceived success of the GLC's £4m 'Say No to No Say' campaign has done much to bring the left round to a more accommodating view of the sorcerer's arts.

Ultimately, though, our report raises a disturbing issue: how far does *image* making determine *policy* making? How far has our political process become captive to the demands of television, to the shaping of audience? To admit that no party which wishes to be in at the winning post can afford to ignore the agencies is not to endorse the trend. We propose two modest reforms: a statutory ceiling on expenditure for the sake of democratic balance; and an end to party political broadcasts for the sake of us all. It is within our power to check the image makers' power: the checks are necessary if we wish politics to remain participatory and public. □

New Statesman

Cover drawing: John Minnion

War of the Agencies
Members of the Alliance — the party of consensus are at each other's throats over who they can entrust their image to. For in 1986 image is paramount to *all* parties and agencies are jostling hard to unseat Saatchi's as the election winners. ANDREW LUMSDEN and PATRICK FORBES report 5

FEATURES

Vladmir Derer: It's the hard left which is making policies 9
Donald Macintyre: Down and out in George Orwell's union 10
Ian Williams: Least painful ways to win friends and influence in the Labour Party 11
Doug Jones: Labour's spending plans — why the right is wrong and the left is prudent 12
Phillip van Niekerk: Macho leaders unite defiant South African whites 13
Kate Owen: Chirac tears French state TV apart 15

ARTS

Angus Calder: Edinburgh 1: a People's Festival? 18
Michael Leapman: Edinburgh 2: the TV Festival 19
Kenneth Rea: Edinburgh 3: the Wooster Group 21
Peter Hillmore: Television 21
Adam Mars-Jones: Cinema 22
Naseem Khan: Work in progress on the Notting Hill Carnival 23

BOOKS

Maureen Duffy: Pet loves 24
Liz Heron: Leonardo Sciascia 25
Malcolm Imrie: Paperbacks 25
Adrianne Blue: Anita Brookner 26
Sheila MacLeod: May Sarton 26
M. H. Ryle: Red and green 27
David Edgar: William Barnes 27

BACKCHAT

Nicholas Murray: Community artists 32
Colin Spencer: Food 33
Crossword 33
Weekend competition 34
John Minnion 35
George Botterill: Chess 35
This England 35

PLUS

Diary: Alison Hennegan 17
Roger Woddis 17
Letters 28

NEXT WEEK

THE STATE OF THE UNIONS
JOHN LLOYD reports on what the government, the bosses and the members are doing to the labour movement — and what the unions can and can't do for Labour

THE STATE OF OUR HEALTH
How private is it becoming?

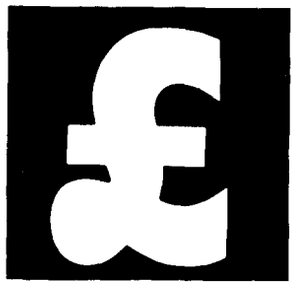
THE AIM OF THE PROSE
LIZ HERON reviews the journalism of Umberto Eco

SWORDS AND SORCERY
COLIN GREENLAND — looks at the latest developments in fantasy fiction

PLUS
The Cold War comes to American soap opera

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Labour must make a better case



ROY HATTERSLEY'S spending priorities for a future Labour government are now becoming clearer, and so the government is now training its guns upon them. Not to much effect: as the Hattersley camp points out (p12), the arithmetic done so far by the Treasury Chief Secretary John MacGregor is pretty low grade and propagandist, and the 'independent audit' commissioned by the *Sunday Times* was disowned as being an audit by the group commissioned to do it. The consistent theme in Hattersley's pitch has been prudence and caution and leaving no hostages to fortune: he has even stimulated fears — reflected in the *NS* last week by Professor Maurice Peston — that Labour may spend too *little*, not too much.

But there is no easy ride in politics: and problems remain for Labour in an effective presentation of its spending policies. The job-creation measures depend heavily on special programmes to create work rather than an expansionary jobs boom which is seen as unlikely to work; there is no incomes policy worthy of the name and none, realistically, in prospect (there is a view, to be argued here by Paul Ormerod next week, that none is needed); it is still an open question how far Labour can stimulate an industrial regeneration and higher productivity.

It is important, too, that Labour has a stronger shadow Treasury team. Roy Hattersley is powerful enough in the parliamentary party to stay there until he wants to go, and is said to be showing a greater interest in and enthusiasm for his brief than in the past: but Dr Oonagh MacDonald has so far battled hard without too much effect and Terry Davies shows little signs of battling at all. Tony Blair, the bright young barrister who is the junior member of the team, has taken pains to bone up on his subject, but his eagerness does not amount to weight. This team will be too exposed, too much in the front line, to be other than experienced and pugnacious.

At bottom, however, it is not going to be Labour's best hand to play. The Party must seek to avoid being tempted on to a figure-swapping battleground by the government: instead, it must propose to the country that its main programmes — reducing unemployment and tackling poverty — are *the* overriding political necessity and that economic policy is the enabling function which provides the necessary resources. There is now a wide consensus that more must be done for the unemployed, and that it cannot be done on the cheap: that is there to be built on.

The consensus, of course, must be widened. When Labour can be seen as being sincere in its commitment to better education, to better health care and to a reduction in crime, it will go a very long way indeed to winning back support from those who deserted it in 1983 because they saw it was in no state to deliver anything very much. It must again reassert the virtue of collective solutions — not because collectivism is good *in itself*, but because it offers the best antidote to social fragmentation and internal conflicts which affect, first and worst, the old, the poor and the black. It must show that these solutions can be — must be — efficient and capable of accommodating the more precise needs of more precise consumers.

Economic policy sets a framework within which this can develop: it is a means to ends which are now being defined. Making it an end in itself is the government's game. ☐

GET *NEW STATESMAN* FREE FOR FOUR WEEKS

If you're not already a subscriber we'll send you the *New Statesman* FREE for an extra four weeks when you take out a subscription on this form. You'll be saving at least £5 a year on the cost of buying the *New Statesman* in the shops, and if you pay by credit card you can get the whole thing wrapped up with one 'phone call. It'll make you wonder why you waited so long.

Please tick appropriate box:

	1 year	6 months	4 months
UK & Eire	£40.00 ☐	£20.00 ☐	£13.35 ☐
Europe (Airmail)	£46.00 ☐	£23.00 ☐	£15.35 ☐
USA (Airspeed)	US$70.00 ☐	US$35.00 ☐	US$23.35 ☐
(Airmail)	US$85.00 ☐	US$42.50 ☐	US$28.35 ☐
Canada (Airspeed)	Can$90.00 ☐	Can$45.00 ☐	Can$30.00 ☐
(Airmail)	Can$115.00 ☐	Can$57.50 ☐	Can$38.35 ☐
Rest of the world (Airspeed)	£51.00 ☐	£25.50 ☐	£17.00 ☐
(Airmail)	£61.00 ☐	£30.50 ☐	£20.35 ☐

Name_____

Address_____

_____ Postcode_____

Payment Options
(please tick)

☐ I enclose my cheque/postal order for £.....

☐ Please charge my credit card number

☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐

☐ Access ☐ Visa ☐ American Express ☐ Diners Club

Expiry date_____

Signed_____

Date_____

☎ To place your order by telephone call 01-253 2001 with your credit card details.

Return to *New Statesman* Subscriptions, FREEPOST, London EC1B 1EB.
No stamp is needed if posted in the UK.

EY3

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE WAR OF THE AGENCIES

Who, remembering the trauma that the 1983 election was for the Labour Party, when a monolithic Thatcher-Saatchism swept all before it, would have believed that by August 1986 Labour would be held up *by* Tories *to* Tories as a model of how to communicate? And *that* at the same time as the Alliance, the Media Party, is hopelessly (and, till now, secretly) split over how to market itself?

And who now remembers that, back in the 1950s, the Tories caused a furore by hiring an ad agency to do a few staid posters? That an outraged establishment accused the party of selling politics like soap? That's all gone now, for everyone: increasingly, inevitably, politics *is* image; and image is handled by the image makers, the professionals, the admen — who are entrenched, it seems for good, in the highest levels of political life.

ANDREW LUMSDEN and PATRICK FORBES report on the modern massaging of the message

'TORY PARTY LEADERS have been glancing nervously over their shoulder at the success of Neil Kinnock's Freedom and Fairness campaign' (*Daily Telegraph* 8 August).

What? Tories jealous of Labour publicity? That we should live to see it. But hold on before rejoicing, though the fundamental situation

Camera Press

The svengalis of the Tory party — the Saatchi bros. Charles (l) and Maurice (r) ponder whether to stay with Thatcher — and she's got her doubts about them

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

is extremely promising. It's not that Labour's self promotion is the talk of the advertising industry, as Saatchi's certainly was in '79-'83. It's that the Conservatives are in a marketing jam of classic proportions, with lessons for all.

Look at the Conservatives eight years into continuous office. Tory 'packaging' has escalated from 1959 (Macmillan hires an ad agency, Colman, Prentice & Varley) through 1970-74 (Heath advised by McCann Erickson chief Barry Day), to 1979 (Saatchi & Saatchi taken on full time with Tim Bell, who'd worked under Barry Day, as prime link).

All the world knows what Saatchi's did for Thatcher, and Thatcher for Saatchi's. But there are voices in the agency who say 'let's drop her'. And why? Because she may be a loser in '87 or '88, certainly. But the outsider can see too that the 'product', all an agency ever has to sell, is in trouble. The bind is that on Thatcher's own repeated definition her 'product' is perfect: no policy changes, no new policies. But 'sales' are slipping: bad by-

WOULD YOU VOTE FOR THIS MAN?

John Banks — Head of Young & Rubicam UK. John hopes to knock the Saatchis off their Tory perch

election results, slithering polls.

What to do? Blame the sales department. Blame the sales manager, Tebbit (as party chair), and look suspiciously at the sitting ad agency, Saatchi's. Time was when the grandees in secret conclave would have broken Thatcher or forced new policies (changed the 'product') but she herself has built such faith in 'presentation' — superlatively of herself — that we've been treated to the greatest row in image management since Richard Nixon salvaged his career in 1952 by dragging his dog Checkers onto American TV.

Very 'below stairs', advertising agencies used to be. In the 1950s the idea that they might be quoted on the Stock Exchange, as seven now are plus a further two on the unlisted market, would have seemed laughable and insulting to 'serious' business. The only grudging praise ever allowed them was for 'creativity', principally with slogans: 'Guinness is good for you' by Benson's in 1929; Ogilvy and Mather's 'Go to work on an egg' of the '60s (invented by Fay Weldon). Hence the anguish this month of 62-year-old Peregrine Worsthorne, editor of the *Sunday Telegraph*: 'Surely the great Conservative Party is not about to tear itself asunder over an issue so quintessentially vulgar and trivial as whether to employ one advertising agency or another?'

But yes it was, and yes it did, Labour and the Alliance gleeful on the sidelines at the Punch-and-Judy spectacle of Tebbit and Thatcher beating each other over the head with the rival virtues of Saatchi & Saatchi and Young & Rubicam. Actually the Saatchis and Y & R *agreed* that significant chunks of the electorate are disenchanted with the Tories and/or Mrs Thatcher specifically. The difference was over who they were saying, or implying, is to blame.

Thatcher herself, as Saatchi's inferred? Seven weeks ago at Chequers the agency presented research commissioned from Ralph Bernstein of BJM (Bernstein, Johnson, Mould) before an audience including the PM, Norman Tebbit, Tebbit's deputy Jeffrey Archer, and Cabinet Office economist Brian Griffiths. Bernstein/Saatchi indicated clearly that Thatcher herself is a prime Tory electoral liability. She took it badly, calling at once for new ideas, dismissing the results as shallow. Nonetheless on 15 August *The Times* announced a 'new, soft image' to 'show her other side' — though with the rider that this won't mean any policy changes.

Young & Rubicam more tactfully chose to blame the Tory party as a whole for the slipping 'product'. It was, after all, the chance they'd been waiting for. Two and a half years ago at a private session, Ed Ney, head of Y & R worldwide, Geoffrey Tucker, Y & R consultant, and John Banks, boss of Y & R UK, explained VALs (*see box*) to Thatcher. Presenting it as a research method that breaks away from the old socio-economic

BUZZWORDS

HELLO VALS — and probably a fast goodbye, too.

'It has *not*', says Gloria Esdale McConnell, director of Stanford Research Institute (SRI) of California's VALs programme, severely, 'been validated as a political tool and it was *not* developed with that in mind.' SRI developed the programme, and should know.

'The best of British to anyone using such an imprecise system', says Bob Worcester of MORI polls. And an adman very senior in Tory counsels says: 'bit of a gimmick, and anyway of limited use to the PM. Tells her people don't like her policies? Her reaction is: "Then we have to change people's minds".'

'Values and lifestyles' research (VALs) blew up in the '60s in the USA, in association with developmental psychology, when traditional demographic market 'profiles' (income/class divisions A,B,C etc) seemed to be giving inadequate answers to some product manufacturers and their ad agencies. The world has accordingly been given 'psychographics' as well as 'demographics'.

VALs reclassifies consumers as

- NEED DRIVEN (11 per cent of the population): 'People who conduct their lives more by need than choice because of severe limitation in resources, especially financial.'
- OUTER DIRECTED (67 per cent of the population): 'People who conduct their lives in response to real or fancied signals from others and represent mainstream of society.'
- INNER DIRECTED (20 per cent of the population): 'People who conduct their lives in accordance with inner needs and desires, rather than with values received from others.'
- INTERGRATED (*sic*, 3 per cent of the population): 'People who conduct their lives by balancing both an inner-directed and outer-directed approach to life.'

These groups are then subdivided into a further nine categories. Thus those classified as 'outer-directed' are split between 'belongers' (the category that is supposed to have fallen out of love with the Tories), 'emulators' and 'achievers'.

You can see why Maggie was entranced. The words: — achievers, belongers! And VALs' aim of superseding class and income based analysis — which seems to attack the preoccupations of Socialism — is in tune with her idyll of a Toryism that transcends class distinctions.

SRI started licensing VALs as a research tool in 1978 as a *product* aid — eg it's being used in the US right now to tailor cars to motorists' own notions about themselves. Saatchi's know just as much about it as Y & R: their big product client Procter & Gamble subscribes, as does their recent US ad agency purchase Dancer Fitzgerald.

We put all that to Y & R's John Banks: 'Ah we *don't* use VALs, we use our own CCCC [Cross Cultural Consumer Characteristics] which took 10 years to evolve. VALs is only one influence on it, we'd carry on with it even if we stopped subscribing to [SRI's] VALs tomorrow.' Other ad agency sources sniff that CCCC's differences from VALs are slight — six or seven categories rather than nine. So it suffers from VALs' fundamental defect: it's difficult to trust a system to produce significant results when its main category, 'belongers', accounts for nearly half the population. ●

What the Tories might be doing next time round — the fruits of an LBC trawl to see that the non-Saatchi competition could come up with

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

methodologies, it struck a chord with her. Such was her enthusiasm that she officiously advised Ney to 'go back, and help Ronald Reagan all you can'.

In the future, presentation of Thatcher will no longer be in the sole charge of the Saatchis. The best bet must be that she will turn to Tim Bell, ex Saatchi eminence now of Lowe Howard Spink Bell, and Gordon Reece, the party's former communications director. Bell has always been the link with Thatcher; he's a friend of the family, whereas the Saatchis, Charles and Maurice, who are notoriously shy, have never been close. Once the two brothers were asked to No. 10 for a cocktail party. Only Maurice went. He shook hands with the PM, walked through the drawing room and straight out. Thatcher was not over pleased.

But speculation that the Saatchis are about to lose the account is off the mark — they're likely to retain the bulk of it. They did far too good a job in 1979 and again in 1983 for their services to be ditched overnight. Dissidents within the agency will be overruled by Charles and Maurice, who appreciate that the Tory account, though small in terms of direct revenue, has been of crucial importance in their climb to owning what is now the largest advertising agency in the world — crucial above all to their relations with the City. City money, mostly in the form of rights issues, has allowed them to grow by acquisition, buying agency after agency. Loss of the Tory account would fire the voices of those industry critics who feel that the Saatchi empire with billings of $7.5 billion, 150 offices in 50 countries, and 12,000 employees, is built on shifting sand.

WOULD YOU VOTE FOR THIS MAN?

David Abbott — of Abbott Mead Vickers. When the Alliance agrees, David will be pushing 'Partnership' at you

Though Saatchi's are unlikely to lose the account, some overspill is a possibility, and that would be destined for hotshots Wight, Collins, Rutherford Scott (director Robin Wight is Tory candidate at Bishop Auckland), and Y & R. Y & R's John Banks is a hot tip for the post of Tory party director of communications, about to be vacated by ex Billy Graham campaign manager Harvey Thomas who (announced 7 August) is moving to a new post of Party director of presentation and promotion.

Alliance's 'upward latency'

Lurking in the undergrowth while the Tories shoot each other's grouse has been the Alliance. It's split over how to handle publicity. The SDP is pressing for a formal link with an ad agency, while the Liberals with

WOULD YOU VOTE FOR THIS MAN?

Chris Powell — of Boase Massimi Pollitt. Chris cost Patrick Jenkin his job over the GLC. Will he step out of the Labour 'shadows' and cost Margaret hers?

their emphasis on community politics, and distrust of the mass media, urge caution.

In its enthusiasm, the SDP has already asked several advertising agencies to tender for the Alliance account, which leaves said agencies in an invidious and confused position — for senior Liberals, notably Paul Tyler, Party chair and managing director of PR firm Good Relations Public Affairs Ltd, insist that it will be at least a month before any formal decision is made even on the *principle* of employing an agency. The alternatives are to go for a Labour style group of 'like minds' (*see next page*), or concentrate on their own resources.

THIS SPRING the Alliance commissioned an attitudinal market research study from a small market research firm, Market Research Services. Were respondents in favour of more or less state control of the economy? What were their attitudes toward the two Alliance leaders? Findings: that people know what the Alliance is, but not what it stands for; when told what its policies are, they react favourably. Or as Paul Tyler, and Richard Holme, Liberal *eminence grise* wonderfully put it, the Alliance has 'considerable upward latency'.

That's psephobabble for a situation in which Labour and Tories share approval ratings of between 30-40 per cent of the electorate, but the Alliance has a lower 'floor', 20 per cent, and a higher 'ceiling', 45 per cent. Alliance attractions? The two Davids and the 'jointness' of the enterprise. The research also showed approval for the two parties' consensus image, which Tyler is keen to describe as 'coming back into fashion.' These findings were apparently confirmed by an independent piece of research undertaken by another firm in an (unsuccessful) attempt to win the Alliance account.

And now for the row. The SDP side is led by Ian Wrigglesworth MP, with Shirley Williams, Richard Newby (Party chair), and Mike Thomas ('the Doctor's conscience' as one Liberal puts it) in supporting roles. They argue the research shows the Alliance has to make a conscious promotional push to break out of its low poll ratings, and should get itself an agency. The Libs — Richard Holme, David Penhaligon MP, Alan Watson, and Andy Ellis, party secretary general — agree the Alliance needs to make a push, but argue that the perceived strengths of the two Davids, jointness etc, might not benefit from a Saatchi style media blitz. Also that the efficacy of political advertising is unproven and anyway that the parties simply cannot (financially) afford such an approach. Rather, they should use the principal officers to fix the publicity, possibly with the aid of some agency personnel.

The argument looks to be resolved as follows:

- An agency will be chosen. The front runners are Abbott Mead Vickers, Still Price, and Delaney Fletcher Delaney, in that order. Winston Fletcher, chair of the latter, is the SDP's adviser on advertising, but mindful of charges of a conflict of interest. Gold Greenless Trott used to handle the account but will be happy to let it go. As an unlikely second best, several agencies will be chosen, but awarded different tasks.
- Their brief will, however, be a limited one. The campaign will be tailored to presenting the two Davids in the best light/most amenable to the media. There will not be a nationwide campaign, and the emphasis will be on Alliance themes, such as 'Partnership', and not on knocking copy, for fear of being swamped in three-party crossfire.
- A final decision is expected over the next month, before the party conferences. ▷

Freedom of mis-information acts

OH WHAT a lovely stitch-up! Want to complain/do something about lies or distortions in party political broadcasts (PPBs) or press/poster ads? Forget it.

- PPBs: Can say anything if they don't break the law of the land (eg 6 outright lies *NS* nailed in Tory PPB of 10 April 1985). Broadcasters' involvement limited to participation in Political Broadcasting Committee which meets once a year (or on announcement of General Election date) to allot air time — ration at last Election was 5:5:4 (Tory/Labour/Alliance). PPBs go out sight-unseen by broadcasting authorities, who get no fee. The IBA, so vigilant about everyone else's behaviour, doesn't want to get drawn into questions of PPB distortions. John Guinery: 'This doesn't *exercise* us. I don't think we'd want to get involved beforehand, it would amount to vetting [political] scripts'.
- Press/posters: Isn't it bliss? Back in '63 the three then Parties gave their 'imprimatur' to excluding political advertising from the Advertising Standards Authority's remit. Parties pay for press/poster ads, so if it weren't for that exemption people could yell about fake claims or assertions under the British Code of Advertising Practice. The ASA got ratty over an anti-abolition GLC press ad of '84-'85 claiming MENCAP might disappear if GLC funds were cut off (which wasn't so). So the revised Code that took effect this 1 January stressed (General Rules B6.I-6.3) that the ASA can step in if there are appeals for funds in political ads. But not otherwise.
- Ad agencies: Don't they *care* if the parties want to broadcast or advertise rubbish? Yes and no. Peter Herd of BMP: 'I don't think facts are the agency's responsibility, the electorate know who's supplying the info. We're hired advocates'. On the other hand, there's unease, as shown by the number of agencies who *as agencies* don't want to handle any political account. ●

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Socialism v glamour

'Freedom and Fairness' was launched from Walworth Rd at the end of April, two weeks after Labour's win in the Fulham by-election. 'Fewer words and greater coherence than *anything* that has ever gone before', wrote Peter Kellner exultantly.

It wasn't (Saatchi-style) the work of one agency, but a pool performance, drawing on ad-agency well wishers. Tories are right to be afraid that an unprecedented sophistication is emerging in the Party with the greatest inhibitions about having dealings with ad agencies. At the heart of Walworth Rd sits Peter Mandelson, new (since October) director of campaigns and communications, ex-TV producer, hollow-eyed, 32 years of age: 'I'm living, breathing this till we have Labour back in.' Mendelson answers to the Campaign Strategy Committee which Neil Kinnock set up after he became leader, with Shadow Cabinet, NEC and trades union members. He speaks well of it: 'it cuts through a lot of that inadequate decision taking process that so damaged '83'.

Here's hoping it does. 'Johnny', as everyone affectionately refers to him, John Wright now of Lintas, then with his own agency, was driven to distraction handling Labour's 'Jobs and Industry' election campaign in '83. His sufferings remain the talk of his own industry: Foot's Parliamentary Party was in turmoil, Walworth Rd in chaos. A *soi-disant* Campaigns Committee had been set up in 1981, died in 1982 of attendance starvation, was partway recreated by a desperate staff, got new NEC backing just before the election, and then couldn't agree on its own priorities. 'Johnny' had no client — or hundreds.

It was still worse, according to Bob Maitland, of Maitland Hard Gill (the *NS*'s own advertising agency): 'Johnny Wright claimed two bits of business walked away from him as soon as they heard he had the Labour account'. In conversation after conversation ad agents say, '*my* inclinations may be Left, but the *agency* isn't.' No one would suppose a big advertising agency to be socialist as an entity, posing a genuine commercial problem. Where an openly held Right-wing account would only confirm what many business people hope, that the advertising agency fellows are 'one of us', an openly held left account could seem like treachery. Exeunt prized accounts.

But cheer up (those who want Labour access to marketing skills). The decade-long 'loser' image of Labour in the ad world was reversed by the GLC's campaign against abolition. The GLC Labour Group used ad agency Boase Massimi Pollitt. 'The conventional approach', says Peter Herd, BMP director responsible for the GLC account, 'would have been to present the abolition battle either in personality or party political terms. We went for the strategy of: this issue is bigger than the leaders, and wider than party sectarianism', ie, about democratic rights: 'Say No to No Say'. Anyone see an echo in this year's 'Freedom and Fairness' approach?

Of course the GLC campaign was unrepeatable, not just because it was so stark a single issue but because the spending was far above anything that will be open to Labour (£3 million–£4 million maybe at the next general election). At £4 million over 15 months the GLC/BMP struggle for London 'gears up' to an approximate equivalent, had it been national, of £20 million — the scale of a top consumer product campaign.

Mandelson is looking to a 'mix' in the next general election battle of 'destabilising' publicity aimed at the Tory weak spots and affirmatory PPBs showing the merits, the good things, of Labour itself and its leadership. MORI-organised research into the opinions of those who aren't convinced by Labour (SDP sympathisers eg) is privately indicating to Labour, we learn, that the three dents in the image — or in the reality, as you will — are, in order of priority:

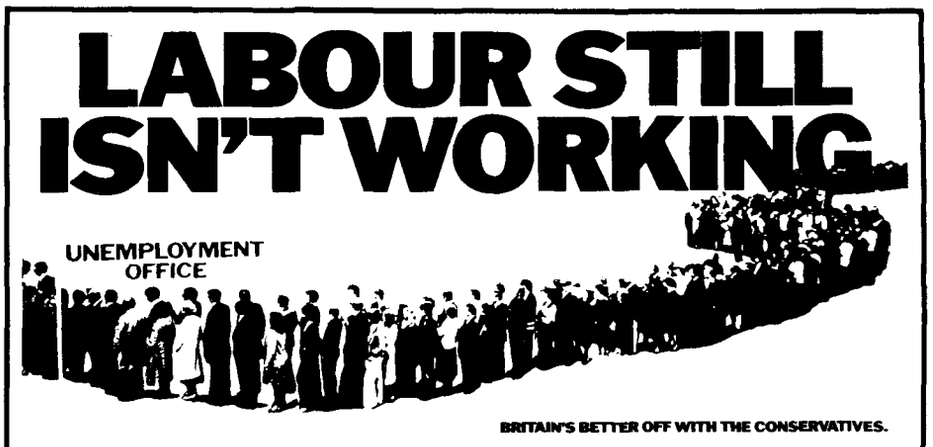
- Kinnock seen as 'weak'
- Defence policy would leave Britain 'undefended'
- Left militancy (not just Militant itself)

Since October the reorganised Walworth Rd publicity machine headed by Mandelson has been relying on a 'shadow communications agency' made up of professionals from the media/ad world. Their names are being kept secret but BMP's chief executive, Chris Powell, is widely credited with being a key member. Also rumoured to be among the Mandelson 'shadows' are David Grey, a director of Yellowhammer, the agency which does Greenpeace, did the heroin-warning campaign, and has a strong 'creative' reputation; and one of the Delaneys of Delaney Fletcher Delaney, in spite of Winson Fletcher's links with the SDP.

Early next year Mandelson expects either to announce a 'solidification' of publicly acknowledged names out of the 'shadows', in effect to constitute an agency that will band together to win the election, then disband; or to appoint a regular, existing agency. The tip for the latter alternative is BMP, of the proven GLC track record — they're known to have been making noises in the right places over the last year.

YOU DIDN'T VOTE FOR THIS MAN?

Tim Bell — of Lowe Howard Spink Bell. Will Tim be able to paper over the Tory cracks, now that Walker, Baker, Young and Thatcher are all at Tebbit's throat?



Do ads work?

TORIES have spent heavily on advertising since 1945 and won 6 general elections. Labour have spent much less (actually underspent the budget in '83!!) and won . . .6. Hmm.

Heed Brian Gosschalk, head of political research at MORI speaking (in February) to the Institute of Practitioners in Advertising: 'Party Political Broadcasts are an extremely inefficient medium for transmitting a message. They have a 50 per cent desertion rate' (ie people make a cup of tea or love). 'In a non-election year the client can have only 50 minutes in total to get the message across.'

BUT: McCann's (they would, wouldn't they?) feel their last PPB for Heath in '70, confronting his 'inhuman' image and showing him warm and jovial, won round women and squeaked him past Wilson. And Saatchi's 'Labour isn't working' of '79 was a joy to the press, though she *was* way ahead in the polls.

Lessons: you can play on a nerve (Wilson's 'Thirteen years of Tory misrule' of 1964, GLC's 'Say No to No Say' of 1984-85, Macmillan's 'Don't let Labour ruin it' of 1959) but the nerve has to be there in the first place, *ie* grassroots political feeling. ●

You can fool . . .

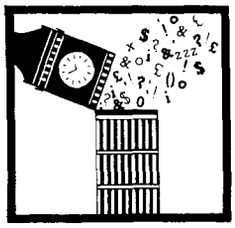
Two worlds in collision. Uneasy advertisers asked to brighten the grey persons of Westminster, and the grey persons themselves backing nervously into meretricious mediabiz. What can have sounded more ludicrous than David Steel 'rapping' for the youth vote? Answer, Kinnock besuited amidst Red Wedge. Or Thatcher cornering a hospital inmate to prove the NHS 'safe' in her hands.

It has to be lived with. Campaigning — see Gillray's drawings of the 18th century hustings — is always vulgar. But can the ground-rules be tidied? We propose:

- Party Political Broadcasts should go. Nobody believes them, everyone can avoid them.
- A ceiling on paid ad budgets to end the built-in benefits to the Tories.

But can we prevent the image of politicians subverting the content of politics? That depends on how far we allow our democracy to decay into mere presentation: the reforms above would help. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Policies are being adopted which would lead to disaster

THE SPECTRE of the Labour left is always haunting Labour's leadership. Perceived as a threat to Labour's electoral prospects, and sometimes to the Party's identity, the actual influence of Labour's left has invariably been inflated and its intentions grotesquely distorted.

Not surprisingly the latest attempts at regrouping on Labour's left have received much attention. All that has happened is that the Campaign Group of Labour MPs started a monthly journal, organised a public meeting in Hampstead and has worked with an alliance of Labour Party pressure groups called Labour Left Liaison (see *NS* 15 August). At Hampstead Town Hall speakers from the Labour Women's Action Committee, the Labour Party Black Section, and the Campaign for Labour Party Democracy shared the platform with Campaign Group members. None of this is world-shattering.

The possibility of a new left alliance *is* being explored. *Campaign Group News* carried an article on this by Alan Meale, the Campaign Group secretary. Tony Benn in his speech at the meeting said: 'We have a Campaign Group in parliament. There are over 100 of them in the constituencies and in the unions. Labour Left Liaison has brought together many groups who have a common interest with us. *Campaign Group News* is available as a means of communication. We're going to bring this together in Campaign Forum, which is intended to provide a focus for our common efforts.' This, however, is still at the discussion stage.

WHAT IS significant is that attendance at the meeting exceeded all expectations. This indicates that a genuine realignment of the left has a substantial potential. The chance to fill the gap on the left which opened up after the 1981 Party Conference is clearly here. This is not because the tactical differences which then divided the left have been resolved, but because their relative significance has diminished due to the direction the Party is taking, and because a positive platform is beginning to be put forward. The move to the right in relation to the Party's programme, to its internal regime, and the failure of the Party leadership to confront the real issues, has brought the left together. Policies are being adopted which would lead to disaster.

In the area of economic policy a commitment to a significant extension of public ownership — a vital prerequisite for planning the country's reindustrialisation, and any serious attempt to tackle the problems of unemployment and social inequality — has been unceremoniously dropped. All that is left is the commitment to renationalise British Telecom and, if privatised, British Gas and water.

On nuclear power, neither Conference decisions nor the 196 resolutions to this year's Conference have prevented the NEC seeking to commit the Party to building 'a new nuclear reprocessing plant' in the Shadow Environment Secretary's constituency (*Guardian* 31 July). The Tory anti-trade union legislation is not to be repealed, merely modified.

The Party leadership has not met the demands of women and black people in the Party. Intolerance and repression have replaced the liberal attitude introduced by Wilson on becoming Party leader.

VLADIMIR DERER

Presumably expecting a Labour victory at the general election, the parliamentary leadership is pressing for changes in the reselection procedures which would make Labour MPs not accountable to the rank and file body which selects them. Should this succeed, the PLP will be able to abandon Party policy with impunity.

The belief that shelving Labour's socialist commitments and taking punitive measures against the left will help win the next election is naive. With the electorate turning against Thatcher — a process which has very little to do with what Labour is promising — a clean break with Thatcherism makes a more attractive alternative than watering it down. Public opinion polls indicate that, during the three years since the present leadership took office, Labour's support has stayed between 34 and 39 per cent of the electorate. This is not good enough. Only the left has begun to address the problem of creating a real majority for Labour.

THE PARTY'S rightward drift has given the left a new chance to regroup, but the new opportunities present a challenge — not of being 'the opposition' but putting forward a clear policy for the Party. The left has greater resources than those available in similar situations in the past. The Bevanites had hardly any allies in the trade union movement. After the constitutional struggles between 1976 and 1981 the left alliance failed to adapt to a situation in which the first priority was to defeat Thatcher.

Today the left has a sizeable group of parliamentarians and the goodwill of several unions and many trade unionists. In the Labour Women's Action Committee, the Labour Party Black Section, and the Campaign for Labour Party Democracy it has organisations with deep roots in the Party based on the crucial issues facing it. The gains for women in the unions, the beginning of a similar development by black workers, show what is possible. The tripartite structure of the proposed Campaign Forum — taking in the CLPs, the PLP and the unions — would give the left new credibility and provide a framework in which different wings could act together.

These opportunities present the left with a challenge. It has to put forward a policy capable of gaining a majority for Labour, and for socialism, in society. The policy adopted by most groups on the left in the early 1980s, failure to set clear objectives as part of a coherent strategy, led to their subsequent loss of influence. If the left is to be effective it must extend its appeal to the majority of Labour Party members, putting forward policies that can sustain a Labour government.

The left must adopt a strategy which would make its demands those of a majority. When formulating its immediate policies it must take account of what Labour Party members think and believe; it must pursue its demands in ways that are acceptable to the majority of Party members, and create a political majority for the Party. Its programme must include:

- rejecting the incipient drift to coalition policies;
- building a majority for Labour through advancing the demands of women, the black community, and all those suffering oppression;
- linking the Party to the key international struggles;
- defending and extending democracy in the Party in order to achieve these goals.

The left must decide how to fight for these goals. It has traditionally relied on beliefs which don't make the successful outcome of its actions dependent on its own efforts, but on the intervention of forces which exist primarily in the left's imagination. Hence its neglect of the channels of communication which are available within the existing Party structure, and attempts to reach 'the people' through the use of hostile media. Only as the left rids itself of these illusions and becomes more 'reality facing' will it achieve its full potential. □

Vladimir Derer is secretary of the Campaign for Labour Party Democracy and a founder member of Labour Left Liaison, the new far left coalition. Peter Kellner will resume his column next week.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DOWN AND OUT IN GEORGE ORWELL'S UNION

GEORGE ORWELL must have kept his first National Union of Journalists' card carefully. There it is, staring out of the front cover of the Penguin *Collected Essays*, a powerful symbol of the trade at its most committed and honourable. But the card, which Orwell secured when he joined *Tribune* in 1943, is also a symbol of another kind.

Thousands of lesser journalists than the century's greatest English political writer can remember the slight *frisson* with which they received their first union card. It was a reminder first that someone was now actually going to pay them for what they most wanted to do anyway; and secondly that they were more than just *employees* of the *Walsall Observer* or the *Hackney Gazette*; they were part of a fraternity to which nearly everyone, from James Cameron to the man who subbed the flower show reports, seemed to belong.

That isn't to say that the NUJ's members, as they struggled through indentures, were not grateful for more prosaic reasons that they belonged to a trade union; but for many new recruits there was a touch of magic about the NUJ Press card that went beyond that.

That may be one of the reasons why the NUJ still enjoys the membership of a higher proportion of journalists on national and provincial newspapers, and in radio and television, than any of its equivalent unions in other countries with a free press. Despite the fervent wishes of the non-TUC affiliated Institute of Journalists that it were otherwise, the NUJ remains the mainstream union for British and Irish journalists.

This apparently serene picture is now being disturbed. There have been mutterings, particularly in Fleet Street, of resignations. The gap between the Fleet Street membership and the provincial newspaper led, mainly outside left grouping, which dominates the union's annual delegate conference and has up to now been the best organised on the 25 person executive, is as wide as it has ever been.

The decision of this year's annual delegate meeting in favour of a motion of sympathy to Colonel Gadafy for the bombing of Libya provoked anger among a wide spectrum of ordinary NUJ members, many of whom would not dream of condoning the raid on Tripoli. But the most potentially divisive issue remains the seven-month old dispute over News International's dismissal of 5,500 print workers on its move to Wapping, in East London. Last Friday evening the union's emergency committee agreed that disciplinary proceedings should now open against five of the NUJ members who crossed picket lines to go into Wapping. Giles Smith, ITN's industrial editor, and a consistent voice for realism on the executive, secured just enough support to force the 2-2 vote needed to defer until mid-September attempts to proceed with Rule 18 complaints against up to 600 NUJ members who went in.

He was unable to prevent the committee from proceeding against Charles Rae, the industrial editor of the *Sun*, and the four chapel fathers at Wapping. They are David Roxan (*News of the World*), Cliff Longley, the award-winning religious affairs correspondent of *The Times*, and, more inexplicably, Peter Wilby who has now resigned as education correspondent of the *Sunday Times* and Malcolm Withers of the *Sun* who eventually joined the strike and has been dismissed by the Murdoch management as a result.

A lot can no doubt happen before 2 October when the complaints run out of time; but it is a safe bet that Longley will be in touch with his lawyers to make sure *The Times* chapel does nothing to prejudice their chances of a legal action if they decide to take one.

If the case did come before the High Court —

DONALD MACINTYRE

and Longley is insisting to colleagues that he hopes that does not happen — then the union could be on shaky ground, having issued an instruction not to cross picket lines, without underpinning it (as the NGA and SOGAT did) with a ballot which conformed with the 1984 Trade Union Act. A defeat in the High Court on Wapping would at best be an expensive way of losing face, at worst a disaster for the union.

THE WAPPING DISPUTE posed a particular crisis for the NUJ. Many of the members instructed not to cross picket lines had strong reasons for disobeying. It was not simply that, faced with the crude Murdoch ultimatum which gave journalists a mere 36 hours to decide between the sack or an extra £2,000 a year plus BUPA membership, a majority opted for the latter. The narrow industrial interests of the journalists were not the same as those of the print unions. There was no threat to NUJ jobs; use of the new ATEX typesetting terminals for the purpose for which they had been designed — direct input by editorial and advertising staff — might even increase job satisfaction.

Against this background, the union was thrown back on arguments of traditional solidarity. But again it encountered problems. At the endless chapel meetings in that last weekend in January, a number of journalists complained that they had seen days of work wiped out by a sectional dispute by a small group of print union members; others that in the provincial press they had watched print union members cross NUJ picket lines.

There *were* good reasons for the journalists to refuse to go to Wapping on the management's terms, reasons of enlightened and collective self-interest which, if there had been more time and the union had been less hemmed in by its pledges of support to the NGA and SOGAT 82, might still have carried the day. The ultimatum broke the house agreement with the union at a stroke; more intangibly it compromised the sense of independence which newspaper men and women have as journalists and which was so marked at *The Times* and *Sunday Times* in the pre-Murdoch era. Finally, resistance to the ultimatum would have had a serious impact on the papers, and might just have hastened a settlement of the main dispute.

These arguments were put, at least at *The Times* and *Sunday Times* chapel meetings. And significant minorities, including Wilby, voted for them. (At the *Sunday Times* the chapel voted by only 68 to 60 to go into Wapping.) Once the votes had been taken, however, the minorities faced a hard decision. *The Times* labour staff found a rare Indian restaurant in central London open on Sunday night and kept its workers up until the early hours of 27 January before deciding *not* to go; for others who had voted against going it was even harder to decide to make the choice between loyalty to the chapel and loyalty to the national union. Since then dozens of journalists have left Wapping.

In recognition of this, with the exception of Eric Butler of the *Sun*, *all* the refuseniks present at the NUJ's annual meeting queued up at the rostrum to argue against disciplining those who had gone in. But against their advice and the advice, equally strongly expressed, of Harry Conroy, the general secretary, ADM — with many of those in favour of discipline making it plain they wanted mass expulsions — voted in favour of going ahead with the Rule 18 complaints. That is the measure of the gap between the policy-making body of the union and the rank and file.

THE PROBLEMS FACED by the NUJ over Wapping are not unique. In their own ways both the miners and the transport and general workers have discovered that in the 1980s appeals to mere union solidarity are not

Neil Bennett

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

enough to bring the members out, even where — unlike the NUJ at Wapping — they have the strength of a *de facto* closed shop.

The failure of the NUM to bring out the Nottinghamshire miners without a ballot is a salutary lesson. Nor has the much publicised disciplinary armoury in the NUM's new rule book been used against most miners who crossed picket lines. Indeed in January the NUM leadership pulled back from using a special conference to open mass disciplinary proceedings against the Notts miners.

The TGWU case is even more relevant since it is closer to home; Britain's biggest union has re-learnt during the Wapping dispute the lessons of the miners' strike, that even the full force of a union instruction will not prevent its lorry drivers from crossing picket lines.

Yet, except in the maverick case of the union's smallest region, Northern, the TGWU has so far avoided disciplining any of its members at TNT who have been delivering Murdoch papers since the end of January. In a climate hostile to industrial action, and with members' increasing expectations of being consulted before strikes — not to mention the fact that ballots are likely also to be enforced by a future Labour government — it is even harder for white collar unions than the big manual ones to deliver solidarity action. Unfortunately some members of the NUJ executive have been slower to adjust to this reality than their counterparts in the big manual unions.

Proponents of mass disciplinary action against the Wapping journalists say that one factor is the dislike of poorly paid provincial members for the fat cats of Fleet Street; there is a real disparity between provincial earnings and those on national papers. (Graduates of 26 often earn less than £6,000 on evening papers.)

Nevertheless there are tentative signs of change below the surface. The 'realists' now command a fragile majority on the executive. But for the process to be maintained, ordinary members have to play a part. Those contemplating resignation because of the Gadafy affair should reflect that ADM delegates do not happen; they are elected every year. NUJ members frequently say they have no time to go to branch meetings. But if every chapel nominated a handful of committee members to attend branch meetings the changes would probably be swift and dramatic.

The NUJ needs to be abreast of the rapidly changing industrial relations scene in national newspapers. It needs to press for the free flow of information — regular briefings on company policy, revenue, costs etc — which *The Independent*, Fleet Street's newest paper, and to some extent the *Financial Times* already give their employees. For all its faults the NUJ, at a time when the Fleet Street new technology revolution and arrival of new newspapers could give it a new role, is potentially still by far the best independent voice journalists have. Orwell's union is still worth fighting for. □

Donald Macintyre is Labour Editor of The Independent. *Formerly Labour Editor of* The Times, *he was among those journalists who refused to work at News International's new offices at Wapping.*

No 3: The Clubs

LAST WEEK's hijackers' guide to the Labour Movement discussed the bargain basement entry to your Constituency Labour Party — the Co-ops. This week we'll look at designer entryism, both for would-be proles and for the socialist intelligentsia.

Without a doubt, the way in for the prole-cultist is your local Labour Club. The 200,000 Labour Club members affiliate to the party for a realistically discounted £29,000, so getting on to your local club committee appears at first sight to be a cheap and enjoyable way to get to the re-selection conference of your choice.

Don't you believe it. It takes nightly round buying and constant revision of Machiavelli to get to the seats of power between the bar and the stage. An indiscreet hint of political interest will see you out the door in most clubs. For women and non-sexist comrades there is also the problem that many clubs are in the Club and Institute Union — which refuses full membership to women. All in all — a toughie.

The Labour Clubs vote for John Evans as the NEC member to represent the 'Socialist Societies' affiliated under Section 2 of the party's constitution. In 1973, all further affiliations were temporarily frozen, and remain so 13 years later.

John is also the beleaguered MP for one of the suspended St Helens constituencies, and while people disagree with his politics, few doubt his assiduity. Under his tutelage, the affiliated societies now monitor their branches for activity and membership, and prophylactically check applicants for the mark of Satan. He's circulated proposals to open Section 2 for affiliation again. The criteria include a minimum membership for branches, a national minimum membership of 500, and a somewhat hazy concept of 'roundness', to avoid single issue campaigns. Labour CND would be out, but in would be the British Socialist Agricultural Association.

FOR A CLASSY way on to the GMC, undoubtedly it has to be the Fabians, the doyen of socialist societies. Founded in 1883, they are universally revered for founding the *New Statesman* in 1913. (Beatrice Webb thought that 2,000 subscribers would assure its future. She got 2,200.) Perhaps the Fabians' biggest asset has been, in G.B. Shaw's words, the 'invaluable habit of freely laughing at ourselves'. These risibly cerebral sentiments have paid dividends, reports General Secretary John Willman who claims, with a publicist's pre-emptive indignation, 'We're no rusty by-way! We've got 3,230 members now.'

He characterises Fabian politics as 'dead centre — on average' since its membership ranges from the portly safety of Roy Hattersley to the dangerous leanness of Tony Benn.

The 80 Fabian branches are affiliated to 160 CLPs, and report a growing number prepared to join Shaw as 'a good man fallen among Fabians' as Lenin said. Indeed many new members join precisely to avoid falling among Leninists in acrimonious and inconclusive ward meetings.

But be warned. The Fabians are frustrating in the extreme for an ultra-resolutionary entryist. Their non-sectarian refusal to take any line other than the Northern to Hampstead Heath means that you will certainly fail to move your monthly resolution quota.

The Fabians' Rule 2 starts with the bald statement 'That the Society consists of Socialists'. Rule 3 states unequivocally that 'The Society as a whole shall have no collective policy beyond what is implied in Rule 2 . . . No resolution of a political character expressing an opinion, or calling for action . . . shall be put forward in the name of the society.'

The nearest they've had to inner party struggle was the Webbs' disapproval of H. G. Wells's exercise of seigneurial sexual rights with young female members. They even missed the chance of a good purge and changed the rules to allow Shirley Williams and other SDP-ers to retain associate membership when they defected from the Labour Party.

It's hard to get in, but soft once you're there. For a start it's a plutocratic £15 to join, and then they follow John Evans's ground rules. If they allow you to set a branch, there's a six-month wait before you can affiliate to a CLP, and even then you need the Fabian Executive's approval before you can send a delegate.

After the 1983 electoral defeat the Fabians established a 'Socialist Philosophy Group'. Almost a bunker for the intellectual left, it was intended to counter the arguments of the new right with both rigour — and accuracy. Fortified with a £50,000 grant, they've set up a 'Think Tank', commissioning research intended to be a pre-emptive strike against yes-ministerism for the incoming Labour government.

Recently they fed figures for total sanctions against South Africa into the Cambridge Economic Model and found a worst case scenario of 26,000 jobs lost, most of which would be quickly regained, in opposition to the Tories' gloomy and hypocritical predictions of hugely lengthened dole queues.

Ian Williams

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LABOUR'S SPENDING PLANS — WHY THE RIGHT IS WRONG

DOUG JONES

LABOUR'S SPENDING PLANS have been pawed over by Mr John MacGregor, the Treasury Chief Secretary, and by his faithful megaphone, the *Sunday Times*. It has been an exercise in mendacity, double counting and bad arithmetic, liberally spiced with panic. It is time to set the record straight.

Last March, MacGregor published a list of 28 of Labour's so-called spending commitments. The cost totalled £24 billion, updated in July to either £28 billion or £35 billion depending on whether or not £7 billion of spending pledges said to have been given by Michael Meacher were included. A closer inspection shows how shoddy this is.

- MacGregor costs Labour's plans for extra teachers at £235 million and for extra education buildings and equipment at £871 million. MacGregor says these are 'Labour's own estimates, quoted by Giles Radice in the *Guardian*, 17 April 1985'. The *Guardian* article is headlined 'Labour Pledges £200 million Boost for Schools' and states that 'Mr Radice said that Labour would provide £50 million for 14,000 more teachers, £60 million for in-service training, and £90 million for books and equipment'. Extra expenditure on school buildings is not even mentioned in the article!
- One of the more expensive 'commitments' is the reduction of the retirement age for men to 60, said to have been given by Neil Kinnock at the TGWU Conference in June 1985. But Neil Kinnock's speech reads: 'It would be foolish to presume that major reductions in the working life would or should come without extensive preparation and protection . . . It will cost large sums and take many years, for this cultural and economic revolution cannot be achieved cheaply and must not be achieved dictatorially'. Hardly a commitment to an immediate drop in the male retirement age to 60 — yet this accounts for £2.6 billion of the MacGregor £28 billion.
- The Chief Secretary's costings also double count because they do not take account of savings that flow back to the Treasury from projects that generate jobs, such as house-building and other infrastructure maintenance. The people employed on these projects start paying taxes and stop receiving welfare payments. One independent estimate based on government figures carried out for the BBC by Prof. Adrian Sinfield and Neil Fraser of Edinburgh University put the cost to the Exchequer of an unemployed person at between £6,000 and £7,000 per year — obviously saved when people come off the dole. The Treasury's *own* economic model shows that after three years capital expenditure is 32 per cent self-financing, while the London Business School model shows that it is 75 per cent self-financing and the National Institute model that it is 58 per cent self-financing.
- MacGregor deliberately confuses the timing and status of various objectives. All parties have certain aims they try to fulfil over a period of years: for the Tories to imply that Labour could or would want to spend £28 billion at once makes no more sense than a view that they will carry out their £18 billion privatisation programme all in one year.

IF THE LABOUR programme is not the MacGregor package, what is it? The Shadow Cabinet has agreed a firm framework for financial control setting out two overwhelming priorities for the next Labour government — the reduction of unemployment by one million in two years; and an anti-poverty package.

At the time of the budget it was estimated that a job creation package to reduce unemployment by one million would add £6 billion to the government's budget deficit which currently stands at about £12¼ billion. This is consistent with a *small* increase in the ratio of total government debt to national income and would not be difficult for the markets to finance. About a quarter of this increase is due to the cuts in taxation through cuts in employers' national insurance, rather than increases in public expenditure. It is true, however, that the *gross* effect on public expenditure would be rather more than the *net* cost of £6 billion — because part of the extra expenditure is self-financing, as the previously unemployed start to pay taxes.

The other agreed priority for extra expenditure is Labour's anti-poverty package, which will be entirely self-financed through redistribution. This includes increases in child benefit, old age pensions and extending the long-term rate of supplementary benefit to the long-term unemployed. The costs will be met by recouping the £3.5 billion per annum of tax cuts that have been given to the richest five per cent of taxpayers and receivers of capital income, gains and transfers since the Conservatives came to power. It is accepted that giving priority to these two main areas — unemployment and redistribution — means that other desirable forms of extra spending will have to be delayed.

However, much of what a Labour government would do does not involve extra claims on government resources. Our priorities for renationalisation — BT and British Gas — will be financed by issuing securities against the corporations concerned, not by the government. Our move towards non-nuclear defence would initially be cost-neutral with savings from the disposal of nuclear weapons being used to strengthen conventional defence.

Other priorities for reform, such as a Freedom of Information Act, a minimum wage in the private sector, the promotion of sexual equality, tougher regulation of the City, mergers and takeovers and pollution, tax reform including independent taxation, reform of trade union legislation including rights to information and consultation, and reform of the Nationality Act, require little or nothing in the way of extra public expenditure.

There *will*, however, be some spare resources available each year for extra expenditure because of economic growth. Even a modest growth rate of, say, 2 per cent would generate £3 billion per year for tax cuts of expenditure amounting to £15 billion over a full Parliament. The present government is expecting such an increase and in addition it has a cumulative total of £18.8 billion of unallocated expenditure — the contingency reserves — within its spending totals for the next three years. The Tories will not say how this money is to be allocated — and rightly so. *Not* to allocate every last penny is the prudent course, not the profligate one. This is what makes an independent 'audit' for Labour's policies such nonsense.

I AM SORRY to disappoint the Tories: but all their nonsense will not persuade Labour to commit themselves to an over-ambitious programme which cannot be fulfilled. We've seen what happened to the French socialist government. And there are still people in the Shadow Cabinet who remember the dash for growth and over-optimistic spending plans of 1974-6.

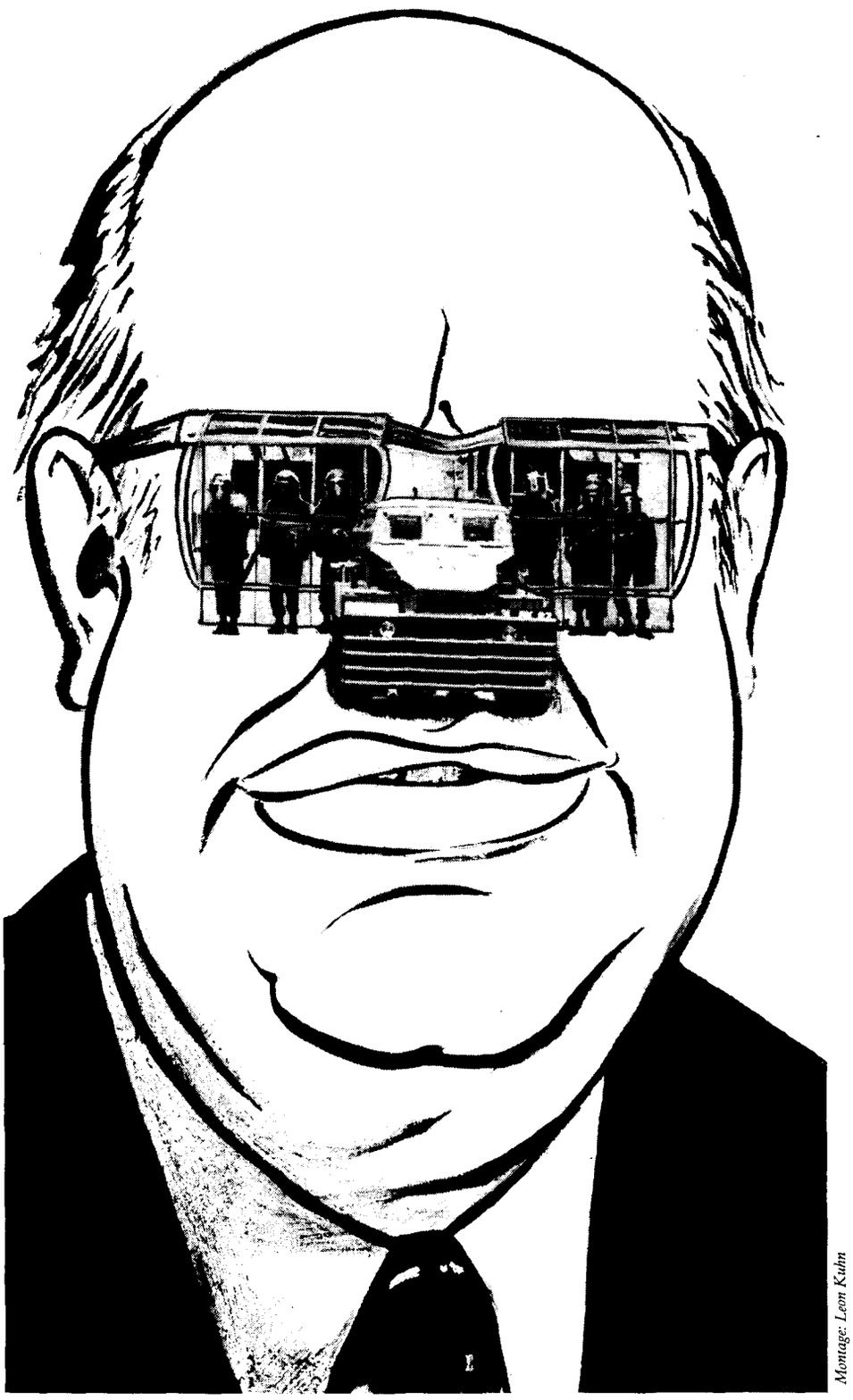
Labour has clearly set out its plans for borrowing and spending in the first two years of a Labour government. Labour will tend to give priority to spending on areas like health, industry and education which are labour-intensive, whereas the Tories will give priority to tax cuts. To make a precise allocation now the Labour Party would need a clairvoyant, not an auditor.

The newspapers which have printed MacGregor's distortions and lies have never even attempted to make use of the information about Labour's spending and borrowing plans that is publicly available. The attempts of the *Sunday Times* to give MacGregor's phoney figures spurious substance have been pathetic to observe. They claimed to have had an independent audit of Labour's plans carried out; in fact, they commissioned ITEM, an independent forecasting agency, to run the MacGregor costings through their model. This resulted in ITEM disowning the *Sunday Times* article, in a later statement, saying that: 'An audit is going through line by line and calculating how much the commitments would cost. We did not do that.'

Perhaps the only consolation is that it was the paper that brought you the Hitler diaries — independently validated of course — that also brought you the MacGregor costings — independently validated, of course. □

Doug Jones is economic advisor to Roy Hattersley, Shadow Chancellor of the Exchequer.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Montage: Leon Kuhn

MACHO LEADERS UNITE DEFIANT WHITES

Talking to the ANC would have been far more heinous a crime, in the eyes of Botha's voters, than inveigling sanctions upon the regime. In fact, says PHILLIP VAN NIEKERK, at this stage they're positively revelling in thumbing their noses at the rest of the world

Cape Town

'UNITE', said President Botha to the delegates of his National Party last week, 'Unite in our resistance against prescriptions, interference and threats from abroad'. His call has not gone unheeded. South Africa's whites *are* uniting.

This in face of an economy in such dramatic decline that it had to call a moratorium on its debts last September and cannot reschedule them; because of international hostility running at an all-time high; and in face of a permanent state of emergency which has seen more than 10,000 detained and a censored press and broadcast media. After all *this*, Botha's calculation that he should soon call either a general election or a referendum in late autumn this year or spring next year is probably soundly based: this *is* the moment when white unity can best be demonstrated, and his opponents on the far right outflanked.

In his speech to the faithful, Botha spoke through them to his would-be tormentors, to warn that 'those who want to force us into negotiations with radical elements by demanding unacceptable concessions through blackmail and a manipulated world opinion should not underestimate us'. So far, it's no idle statement. For, ironic as it is, the National Party has so far been the greatest beneficiary of the international sanctions campaign against South Africa. The prospect of punitive sanctions, far from denting white morale, has unified most whites, Afrikaner and English speaking, in a mood of defiance and righteous indignation. ▷

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Apart from a small minority of radicals and liberals, whites have little conception of the repression. It is mostly played out in the ghettoes where few whites ever venture and is kept further out of sight by the tough restrictions on news reporting and a steady diet of disinformation from state-controlled television and radio. Even if they did know what was going on, there has never been a very large 'conscience' vote among white South Africans. The Afrikaners in particular *like* macho government, and many vote for the security of their families against the feared black hordes.

Indications that the revolt in the ghettoes has been silenced for the time being by the State of Emergency are causing a drift back from the far right into National Party ranks. While a little under a third of Afrikaners, the most hardline, have probably been lost to the government for all time, about another fifth were wavering in the heady days before the Emergency was declared, when Eugene Terre 'Blanche's neo-nazi Afrikaner Weerstands-beweging (AWB) was in full cry.

SINCE MAY, South Africa's white rulers have displayed a determination to hold onto power which has surprised many of their foes, though it really should not have. There is evidence of a massive international miscalculation of South Africa's stubbornness and arrogance by those whom Pretoria regards as interfering foreigners. This miscalculation was seen at its most ludicrous when Sir Geoffrey Howe was sent packing by President Botha to cheers from Botha's white supporters.

Yet the extent to which Pretoria has been prepared to thumb its nose at the rest of the world was not as starkly evident at the beginning of May as it is now. Then, the government stood at a crossroads, facing the choice of either dealing with the resistance in the ghettoes by entering a new era of negotiation with black leaders, or of wielding the big stick to stamp out dissidence, thereby inviting punitive sanctions.

In retrospect it was a false crossroads, one which was both unnecessary and premature. It was precipitated by the Eminent Persons' Group (EPG) who were trying to put together a deal in which South Africa would release political prisoners and legalise the African National Congress in exchange for the ANC suspending violent opposition to the regime. After this, the EPG proposed, the two parties would proceed to the negotiating table. It *should* have been clear that neither the ANC, who had not been properly consulted, nor the South African government were ready for Lancaster House-style negotiations.

In some important respects the government stood to gain more from such talks. There was hope of luring the ANC to control the resistance in the ghettoes and lay down their arms, while locking them into sterile 'negotiations': then stalling the negotiations. But not even that prospect could have lured Pretoria to the negotiating table in May. In a choice between talks with the ANC and alienation of white voters on the one hand, and sanctions and repression on the other, the government did not believe it had much choice.

Botha and his cabinet were genuinely aggrieved that what they regarded as significant reforms — such as scrapping the pass laws — were rejected by black leaders. They also believed that if they had given in to international demands to prevent sanctions being imposed, the threat of sanctions could be used against them time and time again until they had negotiated themselves out of power.

Siege economy

By early May the AWB bandwagon was rolling at full speed and the goyernment became alarmed at the haemorrhaging of Afrikaner support to the far right. It had to choose which it feared most: the far right or sanctions. With the experience of beating both oil and arms embargoes for decades, the government began listening to 'siege economists' such as Fred Bell, the head of the country's armaments industry, Armscor, convincing it that sanctions could be turned to its advantage.

Two senior ministers emerged as strong proponents of tougher repression. The Minister of Law and Order, Louis Le Grange, wanted to crush what he regarded as the ANC presence in the townships. The 'reformist' Minister of Constitutional Development and Planning, Chris Heunis, wanted to push ahead with his own constitutional model for the country — a Heath Robinson nightmare — which he did not want to negotiate with anyone, certainly not the ANC.

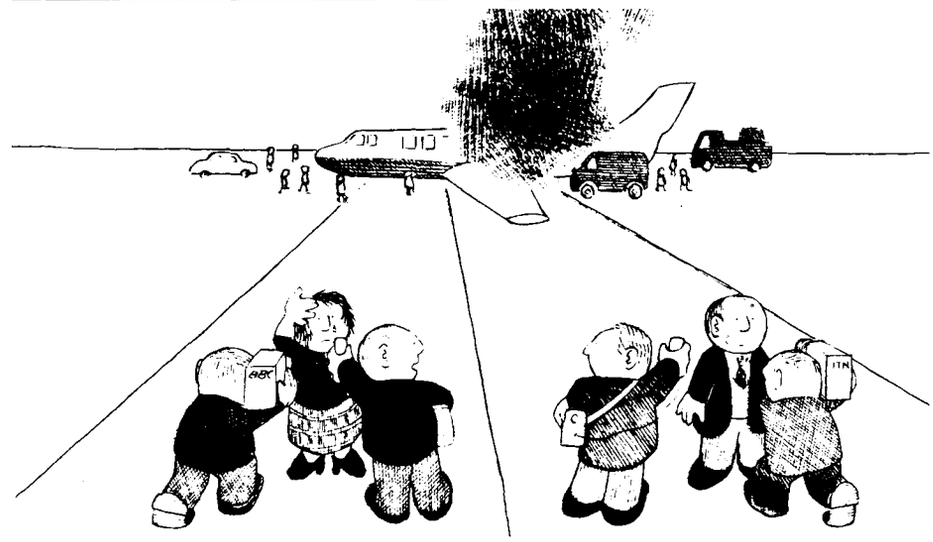
THE BIGGEST THREAT to these two strategies was not the ANC's guerrilla war, but the development of alternative government in the townships. Just as Pretoria cannot tolerate successful black states to its north which threaten its own ideological justification, so it was finally unable to tolerate the emergence of alternative models of government in the townships.

However, this too was not self-evident in May. Perhaps the extent to which President Botha's reformist rhetoric in September last year and again in January opened up spaces which were being exploited was not appreciated enough at the time. While the African National Congress remained outlawed and vilified, local government officials were meeting and talking to the representatives of organisations which flew the ANC and South African communist flags at funerals. In the militant stronghold of popular ANC support, the eastern Cape, a new culture of negotiations was starting to emerge. It was based on grassroots support, in particular street and area committees which were an attempt to turn the high level of mobilisation at mass funerals, rallies and marches into solidly based organisation.

The old community and town councils were swept aside and local white officials and businessmen, under pressure from strikes and consumer and schools boycotts, found that if they wanted to communicate with blacks in the townships they had to talk to the authentic leaders. These included grassroots black leaders such as Gugile Nkwinti in Port Alfred, Mkhuseli Jack in Port Elizabeth and Moses Mayekiso in Alexandra. While lacking the media profile of the Tutus, the Boesaks or the Winnie Mandelas they were forging organisations which — judging by the fact that they were the state's prime targets in the emergency — posed a far greater threat than mere rhetoric. They used not the substance of the government's reforms, which in global terms remained meagre, but the contradictions which the reformist rhetoric threw up.

However, the emergence of street committees was still at an early and brittle stage. Unlike the factory-based shop steward committees, which had a decade of growth before the Emergency, the street committees were only a few months' old by mid-1986. They needed time and space to grow.

Le Grange told a delegation of MPs from the eastern Cape earlier this year that he would not surrender one inch of South Africa to alternative government. After the Emergency he made good his promise. The eastern Cape's brief spring of 1986 has died behind the metre-high barbed wire that encircles the ghetto of New Brighton, permitting people to enter or leave at only one heavily guarded entrance. The implications of Pretoria's belligerent and unconciliatory mood are that the stakes, both in terms of internal and external pressure, are not nearly high enough yet and that, short of an internal collapse of will which is unlikely because of the mood of the whites, the struggle for South Africa has many years to go. □



'I'll swap you a grieving relative for a shocked survivor'

Neil Bennett

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CHIRAC TEARS STATE TV APART

Culture minister François Leotard (above) is finding it harder to share a bed with the conservative flank of his own government than with the socialists as he attempts to force broadcasting wide open. KATE OWEN reports

Paris

'THIS IS', says Jean Bertolino, 'a new form of witch hunt'. Bertolino, a senior reporter on France's TV1 television channel, has reason for his complaint: like all French TV journalists, he has to live and work under a system of political control which — while less stifling than in the past — still makes or breaks French broadcasting careers according to the election results.

The *new* form of witch hunt, though, is different: for it involves what has been advertised as the beginning of the end of state control, of *dirigisme* from a political centre which, whoever occupies it, has been reluctant to part with the power to reshape broadcasting in its image. The government of the right, in power for just five months, has made a new broadcasting law a top priority. Even through a torpid Parisian summer, this is proving to be one of the most hotly debated of the new government's plans to liberalise both economy and society.

Prime Minister Jaques Chirac had to multiply the use of hotly contested parliamentary powers to speed passage of the broadcasting reform. The intensity of the battle over French TV reflects the highly political nature of French broadcasting, traditionally a state monopoly in which governments from de Gaulle onwards have jealously guarded their interests.

It also shows the tensions in the present political situation in France, as a conservative government 'co-habits' with a socialist president. Chirac has to preserve a *modus vivendi* with President Mitterrand; under the Constitution Mitterrand has the power to call new elections.

The controversy has highlighted rifts within the ruling right-wing coalition and revealed the conflicting ambitions of Chirac, head of the neo-Gaullist RPR party, and his Minister for Culture and Communication, François Leotard, recently re-elected head of the Republican party — the single biggest right-

AT PRESENT there are six television channels, three state-owned (TF1, Antenne 2 and the regional network FR3, all financed by a combination of licence fees and advertising revenue), one pay-channel, Canal Plus, and two privately-owned networks, La Cinq and TV6. The new broadcasting law involves the selling of TF1, the oldest and largest state-owned channel, to private investors. It also provides for the re-allocation of operating concessions for the two private commercial television networks launched under the Socialists, La Cinq and TV6, and of the channels on France's ambitious direct broadcasting television satellite project. A new independent regulatory commission, the Commission Nationale des Communications et Libertés, will negotiate these re-sales.

WHAT DO YOU READ?

Are you in an intellectual or even a religious rut? There is a massive literature, classical and modern, containing great comprehensive ideas linking the latest modern scientific and philosophic thought with knowledge and wisdom as old as the world itself – Theosophy.

For information write to:
The Blavatsky Trust (B)
P.O. Box 16, London W3 6HS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

wing party in government. This eager champion of 'experimental liberalism', has risked badly tarnishing his political reputation over his broadcasting law.

Voices from within his own ranks have criticized his 'precipitateness' and 'youthful inexperience'. Leotard, who makes no secret of his presidential ambitions, has publicly suggested that co-habitation with the conservative Chiracians is far more difficult than with Mitterrand.

POLITICAL ATTACKS on Leotard's law focus on the proposal to sell TF1 the oldest and largest state-owned channel, to private interests. The socialists say the move is equivalent to selling off Versailles or the Comédie Française to the highest bidder. The channel, they say, is part of the national heritage, and to sell it is not only authoritarian but unconstitutional. Jack Lang, Leotard's popular and outspoken predecessor in the Socialist government, criticises the measure as hasty and badly formulated and 'motivated by political revenge'. The *Commission Nationale des Communications et Libertés*, which has the task of choosing the new operators of the private channels, is bound to be politically influenced, he says. Some of the hottest debates in parliament have centred around the question of the degree of independence which this body will have in reality.

Leotard claims that the privatisation of TF1 will create a 'fairer balance in the audiovisual landscape', loosening the 'cramping' grip of the state monopoly — though only three out of six channels are state-owned at present. Once TFI is sold off a strengthened private sector will compete against the two remaining state channels, Antenne 2 and FR3.

But critics say there will be no fair competition. All the costly burden of supporting French cinema and new creativity will fall on the state channels, which are required to fulfil a quota of more educational viewing — always more risky and expensive. They will be unable to reach mass audiences. To boost private channels Leotard has taken measures to give them the lion's share of advertising revenue allowed for the state channels.

This will particularly penalise Antenne 2 which currently gets 60 per cent of its finance from advertising, and the other 40 per cent from TV licence fees, which are to be reduced. Its head, Jean Drucker, predicts a deficit of 20 million francs by the end of the year. FR3, plagued by low ratings, says it needs an extra 120 million francs for the coming year. With financial crisis in the air, the scene is set for the future selling-off of the remaining state channels. The circumspect Chirac restrained his culture minister's eagerness to sell them immediately.

Inevitably, criticism has focused on quality: in France, as in Britain, the assumption is strong that a public service guarantees a certain cultural level, which a dependence on market forces tends to lower.

Leotard claims that the choice of main operator and major shareholder for the private channels will be dictated by cultural criteria. But he will find it hard to impose cultural obligations in the face of market forces demanding the profitability of mass-appeal programmes to maximise advertising revenue. The high costs of investing in programmes will mean that the risks of cultural broadcasts may be avoided in favour of cheap imports. La Cinq, the (popular) fifth channel, has made US soaps, game shows and cartoons its staple fare.

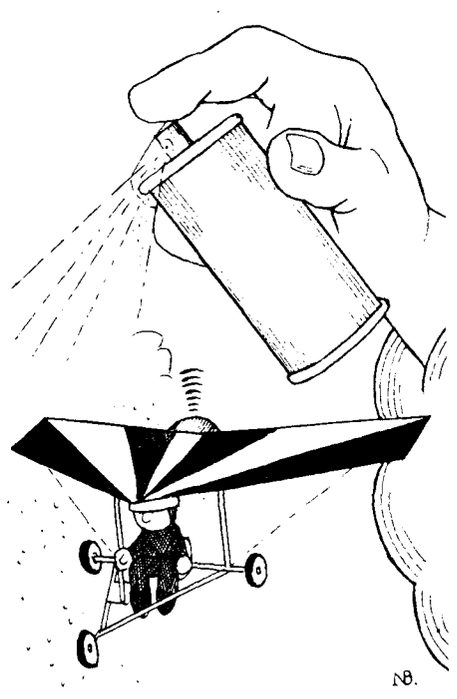
JACK LANG, self-proclaimed champion of new artistic creativity, denounces the cultural free-for-all of the 'law of the market-place'; the lack of specific powers given to the new broadcasting commission to regulate quality on private channels; and the cutbacks in state subsidies for the French programme industry and for the proposed new cultural seventh channel, La Sept. All of this is new Liberal orthodoxy: like Britain's Conservatives (though much less ideologically) the French government is pushing out the boat into currents whose strength it does not know.

The new commission is supposed to ensure the principles of 'diversity' among the operators of private channels, and the 'pluralism of opinion'; critics like Lang say ecomomic factors are bound to rule the choices of operators.

New monopoly games

Leotard, in the drive for international competitiveness, is keen to give the so-far fragmented French communication groups, which could be prospective buyers, the necessary weight to stand up to the American media giants. Hence the need for French groups to form multinational consortia to provide the necessary funds. But his encouragement of big French media groups to compete for the purchase of television channels arouses fears of a new form of monopoly.

As manoeuvring among the groups intensifies, one of the favoured candidates is the right-wing press baron Robert Hersant, who through his huge newspaper and magazine empire holds about 27 per cent of national readership; his flagship is the influential daily *Figaro*. Another likely buyer is Jean Luc Lagardère, who chairs France's biggest publishing group, Hachette, and who earlier this year bought for 500 million francs the government's controlling stake in 'Europe 1', one of the largest French-speaking radio stations.



Neil Bennett

Mitterrand's mistake

President Mitterrand, backing his protegé Lang, has let it be known that he 'deplores' the new legislation. Yet it was the Elysée, in the last year of the socialist administration, hoping to benefit their allies with the creation of new private TV channels, which began the deregulation process. It was part of the Mitterrand-inspired slogan of 'modernising France', and intensified the economic and political power struggle that now characterizes French broadcasting.

IN A last-minute bid to pre-empt the right's own media plans, just before the elections in March the socialists distributed concessions for two new private TV channels to groups of their choice. The most controversial decision was to allow the first private network, La Cinq, to be run by Silvio Berlusconi, the Milan entrepreneur close to Italy's socialist Prime Minister, Bettino Craxi, and Jerome Seydoux, a French industrialist with close connections to Mitterrand. It was highly criticised by the French entertainment industry in part because of Berlusconi's track record of broadcasting low quality imports in Italy. Other interested groups said the concession was sold off unfairly and too cheaply.

The socialists also authorised a mixed-bag consortium to operate a new sixth channel, specialising in pop videos. Now Leotard's law revokes both these contracts and resale at a higher price will be negotiated in the coming months, in the face of threatened legal action from the Berlusconi/Seydoux group.

Another casualty of the right's redistribution of the broadcasting cards is *Daily Mirror* publisher Robert Maxwell. Last summer he was awarded a concession to beam programmes over Europe on the ill-starred TDF1 direct broadcasting satellite, conceived as a Franco-German project in 1979. Leotard's law cancels this concession and provides for resale.

For any French government, socialist or right-wing, broadcasting is a key area because of France's role as a world leader in broadcasting technology. Both Chirac and Leotard have taken a bold and risky gamble in making this new broadcasting law a symbol of their government. Apart from damaging the cohesive image of the administration the ferocity of the debate it's provoked also raises questions about how far and how fast France can be 'liberated' from its deep-seated *dirigisme*. But with the presidential elections only two years away, the judgement of the French people on the Chirac government may be decisively influenced by the quality of what they see on their television screens. □

Kate Owen is a freelance journalist based in Paris.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DIARY

Alison Hennegan

Cambridge

Walking with friends through the market square in the middle of a summer cloudburst one recent Sunday evening I was startled to see a low-flying mallard hurtle into the side of Watches of Switzerland and, with a stomach-churning splat, thump onto the pavement at my feet. There it lay, eyes glazing, beak opening soundlessly, tail just twitching now and again. One thunderstorm and one duck dying in it, as per cliché. We too were stunned. All that usually drops from the skies in a Cambridge summer is falling masonry ('refurbishment') and sheets of water (sandblasting) as all the buildings of particular tourist interest swathe themselves coyly in scaffolding for their traditional height-of-the-season overhaul.

○

The duck, all three of us agreed, could not be left. Night was drawing on. The fate of an immobilized duck helpless in the middle of the market square at Closing Time just didn't bear thinking about. The rain went on chucking it down and our seasonal summer wear clung ever closer as we deliberated. One dying duck and three drowned rats.

We could simply take it to one of our various dwellings. The closest was a set of college rooms. But, as one of us most pertinently enquired, is a duck a cat? A trifle gnomic, perhaps, but we saw the point immediately. College Statutes decree that cats may be kept in Fellows' rooms but dogs may not. For the convenience of college administration the rest of the animal kingdom is divided into Cats and Dogs. Byron's bear was *not* a cat, but a gerbil usually is, goldfish invariably are and a winded mallard might be. Tricky. I, on the other hand, who have no formal connection with the University, have a whole, Statute-free house. I also have a cat. Think again.

○

A small crowd had gathered. A conscientious courier interrogated us, then explained it all to his mixed group of Turkish and Japanese students, saying 'This is all very English'. The American amongst us looked hurt. The man who runs the mobile hot-dog van over the road hurried across. He was extremely distressed. Every evening, between eight and half-past, he explained, mallards fly in and circle round his van waiting for the food he always gives them. The one lying at our feet was a regular who, inexplicably, had overshot his target. Clearly the hot-dog man felt personally responsible. An energetically efficient young woman arrived. Could she be of any help? She was a veterinary student. It was, we said, a duck. Oh, she said, downcast, if only it had been a dog. They'd been doing dogs this year; they didn't do ducks until *next* year. What a *pity* it wasn't a dog. I wondered whether to point out that in any given year the incidence of low-flying dogs crashing into buildings must always be statistically insignificant, but decided against it. She was only trying to help.

○

As, possibly, was the second mallard. He'd watched us leerily from the safety of Rose Crescent. Now he advanced cautiously, leapt on top of his wounded companion, grabbed him by the back of the neck and tugged repeatedly. It was extremely difficult, as we all kept telling each other, to work out what he thought he was doing. Was this some atavistic life-saving ritual, some desperate attempt to lift a drowning duck's head clear of the water? Or was it an equally atavistic instinct to hold a drowning duck's head firmly under until he was dead? On the other hand, of course, it could be simple rape. (One particularly resilient piece of local folk-lore insists that nine out of ten mallards on the Cam are gay, accurately reflecting the way things allegedly used to be in an all-male university.) One of us with more resolution than the others cut across our babble of Nature Notes and Social History and said firmly 'Well, what*ever* he's doing, I don't think it's helpful', hoicked him off and went in search of an unvandalised telephone box to ring the RSPCA.

○

The RSPCA was out. The Police were in. Within minutes a very large police van arrived, driven by a very large policeman. Eagerly we filled him in while he sized up the duck. The duck, with eyes no longer glazed but calculating, stared back. The duck in fact was clearly recovering. It's true he still couldn't fly although he tried. It was, as the lightly blushing policeman informed the desk sergeant over his walkie-talkie, 'obviously in a distressed condition, lacking full mobility and in need of medical care and attention'. Distressed and flightless, certainly but, as we all discovered when the policeman advanced upon it with a large blanket thoughtfully kept in the van, capable of an extremely speedy hobble and some very nippy cornering.

○

Going well, it set off up Rose Crescent, leading by several heads from the unhappy policeman. The crowd had grown and was inclined to be critical. 'Oh God', said someone, 'they're even taking the bleeding ducks in now.' 'What's the poor bastard done, anyway?' asked another. Someone else struck up a graceless whingeing about ratepayers' money. He was coldly received and trailed off into mutinous silence.

I really felt for that policeman. True, I wasn't convinced that ponderously repeating 'Now come along now' was the way to a duck's heart but on the whole I felt here was a good-hearted man doing a difficult job well, against heavy odds. When the hot-dog man reappeared with a temptingly *de luxe* orange box provided by a neighbouring fruit stall, the duck gave in. Swaddled in the blanket, riding regally in its Jaffa carriage, it consented to be placed in the van.

○

Just as the policeman was driving off, the hot-dog man ran after him, yelling 'When he's better, tell your lot he's not to go back to the Cam. He doesn't live there. He lives with three mates in the churchyard of Great St Mary's. Just by the taxi-rank. You will tell them, won't you? You won't forget?' I'm not sure if the policeman heard him. I hope he did.

ROGER WODDIS

The Long Silence

'In taking this step we believe that people in all countries of the world will correctly appreciate the long silence at the nuclear test sites.' — Mikhail Gorbachev

Of all the ills from fire and flood
That strike the likely victim numb,
Not one of them so chills the blood
As comes from Moratorium.

Among the great the very word
Adds whiteness to their greying hairs
And brings, as soon as it is heard,
A sudden lowering of shares.

The Pentagon, thank God, prefers
What heightens colour in their cheeks:
The sound of thriving armourers,
The noise when Mr Larry speaks.

Better a mushroom than a mouth,
Better a cannon than a kiss:
Whatever feeds the hungry South
Deprives the Foreign Orifice.

Tomorrow could be shouted down
And Reason made to hold her tongue,
If only all this din could drown
The silence of the dying young.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

To a different drum

Angus Calder

Camera Press

Edinburgh has always been an international festival; now, in its 40th year, it's a local one as well

I COULDN'T BUT overhear the woman beside me say to her friend, 'I just like watching people doing things so well.' The old Brechtian idea came at me as if new: yes, that's what performing arts are about. It's not that they can't and shouldn't convey serious content, but exceptional skills are of their essence.

We were sitting, in improbable sunshine, in a close behind the Fringe office, watching a free lunchtime show, *Macattack*, by the Merry Mac Fun Co. It was delighting adults and kids with a mixture of pantomime and politics. 'You're all Jocks now. Know why? Because Mrs Thatcher has declared that everyone north of Dover is a Jock to cut the English unemployment figures.' Three men and a woman, just graduated, I gather, were dressed outrageously in a mixture of punk and tartan. They sung and danced well, were nice with kids, but put the boot in very deftly. I was there because on the previous evening I'd seen the other half of their group in a brand new play, *Sharny Dubs*, set mainly around the disco at the Aboyne Highland Games. That was in one of the mankiest Fringe venues I've ever entered — had it been a warehouse before or a spit and sawdust pub, and who had thought of calling this graceless nothing of a space the Crown Theatre? But the play, while a bit too long, was a charmer. I'd gone because of a buzz: a friend had told me about these good young people who were taking tartanry and Unionism apart simultaneously.

A jaded local theatre director said to me as we met in the crowded hell of the biggest Fringe venue, the Assembly Rooms, that as far as he was concerned the Festival was just a trade fair. Maybe, but it's the biggest on earth. Nearly 500 groups have flocked to the Fringe this year, and some have come thousands of miles to display their wares. All must be hoping to get a buzz started. A buzz in 1960 set Jonathan Miller and Alan Bennett on course to become household names in Hampstead. Stupidly, I myself ignored the buzz in 1966 about Tom Stoppard's *Rosencrantz*. But now I am buzzing about Merry Mac all over this city which for three weeks becomes a cultural capital of the world.

Beside the Fortieth Official Edinburgh

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

International Festival and its monstrous Fringe, we have more than 160 films on show at the Film Festival, the always-controversial TV Festival, and a Jazz Festival bringing, amongst many others, that legendary Basie trumpeter, Harry Edison. It would be nice to suppose that this human-awful-wonder-of-god originated back in 1947 with popular local initiative — even that the dry, douce Edinbourgeoisie of lawyers and doctors and bankers was inspired by the ideals informing post-war reconstruction to create an international forum of skill and pleasure. But the notion can't even be related to the modest Nationalist afflatus which saw the first Scot Nat MP into Parliament in 1945 and generated two million signatures for John MacCormick's National Covenant. It was an Austrian, Rudolf Bing, then managing Glyndebourne Opera, who looked around for a suitable arena for a festival reuniting ravaged Europe in the community of High Art and fell in love with the Edinburgh skyline. The memories of those who were there during Bing's first festival tell us that the sun always shone: I doubt it. But the performers were the best conceivable — Schnabel and Fonteyn, Walter and Ferrier, Lotte Lehmann, Alec Guinness . . .

Next year, another outsider, Tyrone Guthrie, made a permanent imprint when he hit on the Assembly Hall of the Church of Scotland as the venue for the first revival of Lindsay's *Three Estates* in nearly 400 years. If the most imaginative of Bing's successors was possibly Lord Harewood (1961-65), who was English royalty, the longest serving was Peter Diamand, who had been a German refugee from Nazism. And that key event in Fringe history, the creation of the Traverse Theatre in the mid-Sixties, was inspired by an American, Jim Haynes. Many members of the Edinbourgeoisie have given valiant service to the Festival, but it isn't now and never was their show.

Over a quarter-century of Festivalgoing, I've seen and heard many wonderful things. Late at night, long ago, Rostropovich and Richter played all the Beethoven Cello Sonatas. Somehow, a Japanese No company once cast a spell in the alien space of the Lyceum Theatre. There was Giulini's Verdi Requiem which left you craving that it would begin again at once, a production of *Antony and Cleopatra* with Tutin and McOwen which critics didn't much like but which still haunts me. But above all, even above the spectacular Japanese *Macbeth* last year, I would have to pick the Berganza-Domingo *Carmen* of 1977, produced by the Festival itself, not imported pre-packed, and still, with some changes of cast, the best on disc.

This points to a paradox. Opera provides many other fine memories, and Edinburgh was selected, after all, by Bing, an opera man. Yet year after year a ritual wail goes up that it is impossible to perform opera of high standard in Edinburgh for want of a custom-built theatre. The Hole in the Ground near the Usher Hall is a Festival landmark. It is where the Opera House was to have been built. When Labour came to power in 1984 for the first time, the latest plans in a long series were at once scrapped as too expensive.

Hence the bizarre press myth of the Philistine District Council. In fact, unlike the building contractors and such who dominated the Council in Tory days, it is now led by people to whom the arts matter a great deal. Following the demise of the GLC and the English Metropolitan Councils, it is currently the local authority in Britain which spends most on the arts. Councillor Paolo Vestri, chairman of finance, explains matters thus. In 1984-5 the new council increased grants for the arts dramatically, notably by finding money for small organisations. During the

> 'Many members of the Edinbourgeoisie have given valiant service to the Festival, but it isn't now and never was their show.'

past year, it has had to accept a standstill — Edinburgh, after all, has a severe shortage of housing and all services are jeopardised by government cutbacks. Nevertheless, the Council has actually increased its contribution to the Festival, and by dint of reducing grants to some established clients, has managed to assist new ones. For instance, it seems that photographic workshops are an up and coming community art format, and the Council has responded by giving money for the first time to the high-profile Stills Gallery, mostly tied to educational outreach. Vestri believes that the grants budget must now be expanded again precisely because the success of earlier initiatives has created fresh demand.

This day-by-day watering of the roots of the arts in deprived suburbs goes on behind the newsworthy facts announced at the Council's press conference last week. The Society which governs the Festival, formerly recruited by invitation, is now, thanks to Council pressure, open to all. Building and cash aid have been supplied to open Richard Demarco's New Gallery in a converted church. The Film Festival has got its first grant, the Traverse its biggest ever. And so on.

Festival, fringe and local people seem to be fusing for the first time. Edinburgh in August may still feel at times like a colony of London, but the natives are restive and are getting their own way more and more. Scottish painting dominates the exhibition programme. The Festival Director, Frank Dunlop, is attuned to the idea of People's Art. Circus artists and jazz musicians feature strongly in the Official programme. Dunlop's own production of Weber's *Oberon* in the Usher Hall paradoxically proved that this music-drama is now unstageable — except with the special verve which he brought to it. Packed houses loved it. Never mind that the heldentenor couldn't cope with Weber's excruciatingly difficult arias. Who will ever forget the comic by-play between Benjamin Luxon and the conductor Seiji Ozawa, who was throughout stranded with a band of excellent young German musicians in the middle of the improvised stage, while pantomime wonders went on around them?

A Cornishman and a Jap in a work by a German: the Festival is still triumphantly international. It is still, perhaps more than ever, about fresh discovery. The affectionate singing by David Wilson-Johnson and Nancy Argenta of Schubert's settings of 'Ossian' gave me for the first time more than intellectual understanding of what Blake, Napoleon and countless others found in the now-unreadable pseudo-bardic effusions. At the Lyceum Studio, *Salt Water Moon*, by David French, in its European premiere, was the first play I'd ever seen from and about Newfoundland. It's a one-act love story set in the Twenties, projecting a strong vision of social class in historical context. (I'd never realised there was a Newfie myth of the Somme corresponding to Oz's Gallipoli.)

'I like watching people doing things so well.' Could anyone possibly improve on the timing and attack which Dublin's Abbey Theatre put into a mostly wordless dramatisation of Patrick Kavanagh's poem *The Great Hunger*, conveying with fierce mimed intensity the frustrated sexuality of an Irish peasant two generations back? After this, I trudged reluctantly up to the King's. Effing late Ibsen in bloody German directed by a clapped-out old Swede; only duty to the *NS* dragged me there. Most other folk had clearly felt the same. The audience was tiny. Even at the interval, though I'd kept awake, even alert, I was still suspicious. I left the theatre an hour later jubilating. Bergman's production of *John Gabriel Borkman*, brilliantly designed, acted with Japanese intensity, stripped and stylised to exactly the point where naturalism was not excluded but transfigured, had cumulatively overwhelmed me. Though deeply moved I didn't feel at all like crying. What was it Aristotle said about catharsis? □

EDINBURGH 2

Bulls in a china shop

Michael Leapman

The future of the BBC is again likely to dominate debate at Edinburgh's Television Festival. Faced with Peacock, independent producers, fibre-optics and the possibility of a Labour government, can Auntie hold the line?

AT LAST YEAR'S Edinburgh Television Festival Professor Alan Peacock made his first public appearance after being appointed to mastermind the report on the future of the BBC. The massed and habitually sceptical ranks of the TV establishment treated him if not exactly with awe, then with the reluctant respect due to someone who appeared to hold the fate of their industry in his eager arms. They saw him as a fresh bull released into the ring at the start of a fight — snorting

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dramatically, pawing the ground, charging hither and thither, forcing the matador and his puny assistants to take shelter.

Anyone familiar with the sickening spectacle of the bull ring knows that the odds are stacked against the beast from the start. This coming Sunday Professor Peacock, his report now published, is sportingly presenting himself in the Edinburgh arena again — unlike a real bull he did have the option of staying away. But the fight is beyond the first stage. The matadors in the BBC hierarchy have deftly deployed their scarlet cloaks to divert his initial charge. The Westminster picadors have done their messy gouging around the tender parts of the neck.

At this point in the fight the bull may still have a few more desperate lunges left in him but his fate has been sealed. The one remaining question for *aficionados* is whether Alasdair Milne, the matador-in-chief, will be presented with Professor Peacock's ears.

The TV festival is now a tradititional sideshow to the Festival proper. Although the agenda covers television in general, in recent years it has been dominated by discussion of the ever-interesting topic: whither the Beeb? In 1984 we had the *Thorn Birds* debate. That, if you recall, was when the BBC was taking a bad beating in the contest both for ratings and reputation. While ITV was screening *The Jewel in the Crown*, the reputedly posh channel regaled us with that sugary American mini-series and even displaced *Panorama* to make room for it. Douglas Hurd, then a junior Home Office minister, briefed lobby correspondents to the effect that the Beeb could expect no increase in its licence fee the following year if it fed the nation such pap. To cure its malaise, or at the very least to bump up its ratings, the BBC had taken the extreme measure of luring Michael Grade from Hollywood to take over as controller of BBC1.

Max Hastings, fresh (or fairly fresh) from his capture of Port Stanley, decided in 1984 that the mandarins of Broadcasting House were a suitable new target. He went to Edinburgh and denounced their standards and philosophy in the vigorous terms that he now sometimes brings to the leader columns of the *Daily Telegraph*. Poor Brian Wenham, then director of programmes at TV Centre, was reduced to defending the corporation by limply reciting a list of some of its less dismal productions. Alasdair Milne sat at the back saying nothing, although as soon as he returned to London he dashed off critical letters to Roger Bolton and Peter Ibbotson, two junior executives who had dared criticise the BBC during the debate.

Last year, by the time Edinburgh came round again the licence fee had been set at a lower figure than the Beeb had asked for and the Peacock Committee had been appointed to look at alternative ways of funding the BBC, in particular the acceptance of advertising. It was feared that the corporation was headed for privatisation, a victim of Thatcherite ideology, and that Wenham, appointed by Milne to lead its defence, was earmarked for the role of General Custer.

Two more issues figured prominently in 1985. Only a few weeks earlier the BBC governors, at the instigation of the Home Secretary, had banned a *Real Lives* programme about Northern Ireland. Censorship and the role of the governors have always been popular themes at Edinburgh: after a crowded screening, a righteous resolution was passed and an open letter sent to the Director-General insisting that the ban be lifted. And it was during the very weekend of the festival that the *Observer* printed its revelations about M15 vetting senior Beeb appointments.

So what has changed in August 1986? The *Real Lives* programme was shown but the M15 man is still in place at Broadcasting House even if, as we are told, his powers have been reduced. *The Thorn Birds*, unashamedly, has just been repeated. Thanks to Michael Grade the BBC is winning the ratings battle; and he has been rewarded with Wenham's old job as director of programmes. Wenham has moved out of his way to become managing director of radio — a risky switch seeing that both his predecessors in the post, Aubrey Singer and Richard Francis, were unceremoniously fired by the mild-mannered Milne, an experience that must resemble being savaged by a hamster. Another of Milne's victims this summer was Roger Bolton, perhaps finally paying the price for that incautious criticism of his employer two years ago.

> 'The one remaining question for *aficionados* is whether Alasdair Milne, the matador-in-chief, will be presented with Professor Peacock's ears.'

But the main broadcasting event between conferences has been the publication of Peacock and the partially successful attempt by the BBC and its cheerleaders to laugh it out of court. The BBC's staff newspaper *Ariel* is a reliable indicator of the corporation's house line and its front page of 30 July was a gem of selective reporting that would have done credit to *Izvestia*. The two main stories were about a symposium on the report organised by the Royal Television Society. PEACOCK 'UNPROVEN' SAYS DG, was the main headline, with another top-of-the-page story headed 'SAD, SILLY REPORT'. The latter was an account of the contribution to the symposium by Professor Andrew Ehrenberg of the London Business School, but it omitted the important detail that he is marketing adviser to the Director-General.

The lead story was largely a verbatim record of Milne's shrill and carping speech at the symposium. Although Peacock had accepted the BBC's principal contention that the licence fee is the best way of funding broadcasting, Milne remained unsatisfied. He was keen to pick holes in the report and scoffed at the suggestion that the fee should increase in proportion to the Retail Price Index. He also took a swing at the proposal for the BBC to farm 40 per cent of its output to independent producers. This is a key element of the report, for it assaults the fundamental philosophy of 'one BBC', a giant conglomerate controlling the production and marketing of half the nation's television. Milne calculated that the Peacock plan would amount to 3,500 hours of independent production a year, against the corporation's present commitment to move towards a mere 150 hours — and it is taking its time over that. There is to be a discussion of independent production on Saturday afternoon, at which Bill Cotton, managing director of BBC Television, will no doubt pay lip service to the idea of commissioning more from independents for the sake of plurality of sources, while stressing the practical considerations that make it, by his lights, well nigh impossible.

Professor Ehrenberg will be able to tell Professor Peacock just how sad and silly he thinks his report is, when they share the platform at the conference session devoted to analysing it. Discussion will focus on the committee's long-term predictions, based on Peter Jay's celebrated theory that fibre-optic cables will allow people to select from an almost limitless range of programmes and pay for those they want to watch, as they now pay to telephone people they want to speak to. It was this vision of the future, which Jay spelled out in a lecture in Edinburgh five festivals ago, that Milne described last month as 'unproven'. Of course it is, because it has not happened yet. If and when it does it will render his peevish efforts to rubbish the report redundant; for it is hard to see how this brave, new, largely deregulated electronic world will accommodate a publicly-funded colossus still producing nearly half the available programmes.

But as Milne sits silent at the back of the conference hall this year, ears cocked for minions deviating from the party line, he must know that the character and scale of the BBC he seeks to maintain are subject to threats on a shorter time-fuse than those posed by new technology. The licence fee will be up for negotiation again in 1988, when there could be a Labour government in power. If the heated debates of the last two years have achieved nothing else, they have ensured that the question of broadcasting will remain high on the political agenda. In his immediate response to Peacock, Gerald Kaufman said Labour would be looking at ways to replace the licence fee, though not with advertising. If that is all they do, Milne will be mightily relieved, but he will not forget that just before the 1979 election defeat the Callaghan administration was working on plans to interpose a layer of government-appointed management boards between the governors and senior management. This would not only make the Beeb more accountable politically but would also have the effect of dividing 'one BBC' into three more manageable units. If this plan, or something like it,is revived, the matadors of Portland Place will feel obliged to don their scarlet capes and enter the arena once again. Like *The Thorn Birds*, the more often it is repeated the less convincing the performance becomes. □

Michael Leapman's recent book The Last Days of the Beeb *is published by Allen and Unwin.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

EDINBURGH 3

Passing the acid test

Kenneth Rea

UnAmerican activities: the Wooster Group trip down memory lane.

The Road to Immortality
THE WOOSTER GROUP

A LITTLE CLOUD of disappointment drifted over Edinburgh on the opening night of *The Road to Immortality, Part Two*. It was as if everyone genuinely wanted the Wooster Group to be better. Here was America's number one experimental theatre on its long overdue first visit to Britain and expectations had been high — which is always dangerous. Maybe the evening simply affirmed that American culture is spiritually much more alien to us than European culture is.

We may have derided or applauded the experiments in theatrical form that Pina Bausch, Jan Fabre or La Fura dels Baus have brought here. We may have grappled with Impact Theatre or Lumière & Son. But the Wooster Group is outside all of these.

For a start, *The Road to Immortality* (originally called *LSD. . . Just the High Points*) doesn't even look like a theatre piece. Stretched right across the front of the stage is a table that inhibits any possibility of open action. On it are microphones, glasses of water and piles of books. It all has the look of a public enquiry, which is just what the first section is. The actors launch into readings from writers who were influential during the psychedelic movement of the Sixties (each actor is allowed 45 seconds before a buzzer sounds) and we are immediately involved in an unexpected way, concentrating on chunks of Leary, Kerouac, Huxley, Ginsberg and others, while vaguely wondering when the theatre part of it starts.

But this is only the first of several layers that build up a collage whose meaning is still left unclear by the end of the evening. In the light of the second section, this setting and the crisply efficient tone of the enquiry allude to the interrogation table of the McCarthy hearings in the Fifties — a potent image for Americans.

Now the actors launch into their dislocated version of the play that was inspired by the hearings; Arthur Miller's *The Crucible*. They are still at the table. The women wear costumes of the period and Tituba is played by a white actress in black make-up. What appears to be Miller's text is in fact a paraphrase and collage by Michael Kirby (necessitated by a legal wrangle with Miller). Tituba is accused of taking heroin as well as cavorting with the devil.

The scene has an hallucinatory quality, heightened by an unpredictable rhythm. Some parts are garbled like a sped-up tape recording; other moments are slowed down to silence. Characters from the witches' trial, the McCarthy hearings and the psychedelic movement are tossed around in the same space until the scene builds to an hysterical climax with modern rifles being fired at the evil spirits that seem to have invaded the courtroom. Adding another piece to the collage, the scene is now replayed in a startingly different way. The actors appear to be under the influence of drugs and their play disintegrates in a chaos of giggles and unfocussed attention with everyone wandering aimlessly about, talking at once or slumping over the table. It looks like a kind of blasphemous Last Supper.

It is not explained in the programme that the cast did actually do a rehearsal after taking LSD; this was video-recorded and later they decided to use it, reproducing every gesture exactly. What appears to be a shambles is in fact a highly disciplined re-enactment by the actors playing themselves making a shambles.

The fourth section takes us back to Leary by staging excerpts from his debates with G. Gordon Liddy in the early Eighties. Leary is confronted by an ex-Vietnam soldier who was shot in the face by drug-crazed hippies, and this is counterpointed by a grotesque dance trio impersonating a run-down cabaret act called Donna Sierra and the Del Fuegos. Suddenly, it's all over.

Were it not for the fact that the cast of 14 give impeccable performances of great integrity, it might be easy to dismiss this as a pretentious jumble. But clearly there are many layers to it and the pattern offers more than we can fully grasp in one viewing.

Whatever reservations one may have about Elizabeth LeCompte's production, it raises a host of questions about the future of experimental theatre. For instance, is the non-linear narrative going to be a lasting form or just a passing fad? Is it elitist to expect an audience to come back a second and third time to work out what it all means? For this is what LeCompte expects. If we accept that our appreciation of *King Lear* or *Hamlet* grows with repeated viewings, why should we not put the same effort into a contemporary piece? And is this preoccupation with pattern and technique symptomatic of a wider tendency to go for superficial effects rather than to treat a theme in a fully rounded way and to make it clear what one is saying?

The Wooster Group opens at Riverside Studios on 21 August and Chapter Arts, Cardiff on 9 September.

TELEVISION

Thanks for the memory

Peter Hillmore

WHENEVER I WATCH 'people in the street' being interviewed about some event they have witnessed or experienced, I realise how perceptive Marshall McLuhan was 20 years ago. His dictum that the Medium is the Message has an uncanny accuracy now that people use 'television language', quite unlike any conceivable normal speech, as soon as the cameras start to whirr. I almost expect witnesses to finish up with, 'This is Sid and Mary Stokes, *News at Ten*, outside 55 Acacia Road.'

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

But last week the McLuhan dictum took on a new and frightening meaning. For Clive Wearing, in **Equinox: Prisoner of Consciousness** (C4), the Medium was Existence. Through a freakish illness, he had completely lost his memory, and continued to lose it, being unable to remember incidents that had occurred only moments earlier. He would vehemently deny having done something, and then Jonathan Miller would show him a video of the event: here was proof that he existed.

The film was astonishingly moving. The cameras followed Clive and Debbie Wearing around, with Clive apparently unaware of where they had just been. Dr Miller tagged along in the background, being commendably restrained and not thrusting himself in front of Clive to ask how he felt, as Miriam Stoppard would have done. At one point Debbie Wearing read a passage from Proust about waking up in the middle of the night not knowing who or what you are until memory 'like a rope let down from heaven' brought identity with it. In Proust's case it was just a self-indulgent justification for a few more minutes lying in bed; for Clive Wearing, there was no rope, and, until the video, no identity. Of course, he forgot the video immediately afterwards. And yet, in spite of his constant forgetfulness, in spite of strange quirks like his dogmatic and aggressive conviction that King's College chapel was a 19th-century building, he could still remember how to play the King's organ, beautifully. It isn't much of a rope from heaven, but it was something.

Perhaps the reason why Jonathan Miller was so subdued was because he was as awed as we were by the illness facing him; perhaps, though, it was because he is a good television performer. I wish the man called Divinsky who comments on the antics of Karpov and Kasparov in **World Chess Report** (BBC2) would model himself on Dr Miller, instead of Dr Magnus Pike. He has a passionate desire to become a televison personality, waves his arms around while discussing moves and utters colourful yet meaningless images — last week he described the chess board as looking like it was 'wrapped up in a Canadian blanket'.

As well as all the hype surrounding chess, there's also been a lot of hype about the new series on ITV called **Fortune**, which is going out in the Sunday lunchtime slot normally occupied by *Weekend World*. Money is something that preoccupies people working in commercial television, probably because they earn so much of it (LWT is among the top ten payers of huge salaries in the country). The company has shown two programmes about wealth in ten days. The first, on 8 August, starred someone called Danny Baker, who models himself on Janet Street-Porter (Magnus Pike would be a better choice). This examined the lifestyles of rich people in a chatty sort of way, and showed just how lazy highly paid televison researchers can be. They chose rich underwriter Rupert Dean who is on television every other week doing his champagne in the bath bit, talking about how a million pounds doesn't mean much when you're rich. They also chose a self-employed bricklayer who drives a Rolls-Royce, and who appears on television in the weeks that Mr Dean doesn't, saying that people must work hard to earn money. Unless, of course, they work as a television researchers.

Then we had the first of the *Fortune* series, on 'the rich today'. This is altogether more ambitious than Danny Baker's programme. Why, it even commissioned research from a university professor, in best *Weekend World* fashion, to tell us how much of the nation's wealth was in the hands of the top one per cent of earners. Yes, you have heard those sort of calculations before. The interviewees were also standards. The Marquis of Bath was shown prowling around Longleat, saying he wasn't really very rich. A City businessman called Christopher Moran, who had made £8 million on a share deal just before the cameras arrived, said he really *was* very rich (he was filmed spending £25,000 on some curtains, to prove the point). And a young whizz-kid in the money market, who earns £125,000 a year, was filmed eating in an empty restaurant, and saying he too was sort of rich. Perhaps television researchers will be featured later in the series. □

CINEMA

Turkey shoot

Adam Mars-Jones

Target (15)
Leicester Square Theatre

Arthur Penn's new film *Target* is a sort of graveyard of talent. Penn has taken two bankable and even congenial stars, and buried them in so much nonsense that nothing of their quality can be spotted on the screen.

The basic notion of the film is more than promising. A teenager who has always regarded his father as slow, conformist, and unimaginative — and has consequently defined himself as a rebel and a risktaker — is forced to reconsider both assessments when his father turns out to be an ex-CIA man, with any number of unsuspected qualities and accomplishments.

The scenario's trump card is that it uses the nowadays necessary teenager — if a Hollywood studio was filming *King Lear* this year, Cordelia would have a younger brother with spots and a cute smile — in an unusual role, watching in confusion as his father acquires a new identity. Boy! Dad can handle a gun! Dad can drive *fast*! Dad can speak French! *German*! Dad used to have a girlfriend, and she's *neat*! She was a spy too. Her eyes go smeary when she talks to him.

The story also touches a deeper level of immature feeling. On one level, the discovery that your father is (or was) a secret agent is a betrayal and a disillusionment; you have been lied to about everything, right down to your name. But it is also a fantasy that restores your father to the magical status he had before you realised he wasn't perfect. Freud points out that behind the figures of the King and Queen in the dreams of adults lurk, invariably, their parents.

So *Target* had the making of the first thriller since Jonathan Demme's splendid *Last Embrace* to touch a psychological nerve — as opposed to giving the audience a good fright. *Hitchcock might have made quite a little film* out of it. The only absolute necessity for the film's success is that the father's world of espionage and the son's world of safe

'Never mind stupid plots, I'm your father and if *I* say I'm an ex-CIA agent . . .'

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

assumptions should be shown to be different; otherwise their collision is likely to be something of a non-event. Penn falls at this first fence.

When Donna Lloyd (Gale Hunnicutt) is kidnapped on holiday in Paris, her husband Walter (Hackman) and son Chris (Dillon) set out from Dallas to find her. There is a good scene at the airport, where a man who has drawn a gun on Walter is shot by a third party. Walter, calling for medical help, manages unnoticed to grab the dying man's papers and gun, but is back in his Clark Kent persona by the time Chris reappears from phoning the American Embassy.

At this point, the plot takes a nose dive. Walter was supposedly a top-notch agent, but it's amazing he lived long enough to retire. After all, if one man with a gun is shot by another at the airport, then the chances are that two separate agencies are interested in Walter. So when at a railway station a worried-looking man snatches a violin from a passing beggar and plays a theme from Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto, and Walter runs away, the audience is likely to bellow, 'Haven't you seen *The Lady Vanishes*? Idiot! That's a musical clue!'

Nothing in the plot stands up to scrutiny. Characters who will eventually betray the heroes are so obvious they might just as well be wearing sandwich-boards with the message: I WILL STEAL YOUR HEART THEN HOLD A GUN TO YOUR TUMMY. There's no logic even to the mainspring of the story. Why did it take over 15 years for Walter's new identity to be cracked? The answer is: because otherwise there's no Matt Dillon part, and the casting director has the scriptwriters in a half-nelson on this one.

Even Gene Hackman's range of expressions can't convey much of the film's trumped-up emotion. Matt Dillon for his part broods and paces. He raises his arms above his shoulders and flicks them down with a grimace in a gesture that says, 'I don't believe you, man.' Never mind that this is sometimes comically out of place, that a young man pursued by assassins in a strange city does not brood and pace, when told that his father is a spy, at the bottom of the staircase where they are hiding out. A director who stops Dillon from brooding and pacing is depriving him of his livelihood, and Penn lets him crank through his mannerisms.

How can a filmmaker of quality and sometimes brilliance have come up with a film as perversely bad as *Target*? It's not a matter of being uncomfortable with the genre, of having bit off less than he can chew. Penn's *Night Moves* (also with Hackman) was no less a thriller, but achieved in its last reel an extraordinary mood of lucid sadness. But the reception of Penn's last film before *Target*, *Georgia's Friends*, a very personal project, displeased him. *Target* is his chance for commercial rehabilitation; but it's as if Penn has said, 'Right, you hated my personal movie, so I'll spoil this crowd-pleaser for you, and see how you like that.' If so, it's no wonder that *Target* fails to deliver the family romance it promises. Its director is too busy acting out his own psychology to be able to dramatise anyone else's.

Mas movement

Naseem Khan

IF YOU WERE to lay your ear to the ground in Notting Hill tonight, one sound would predominate — the growling whirr of a hundred sewing machines. Backing it up closely would be the slap of paste on paper, the snip of wire-cutters and the yawning and stretching of a thousand toiling sleepless people. It is Carnival time in Notting Hill, Europe's largest street festival, rather than a bizzare endurance test: two days of extravagance, flamboyance, imagination and excess.

Started 20 years ago as a pretty tin-pot local affair, Carnival has now far outgrown those roots. Large it may be but commercial Notting Hill's Carnival is not (at least not for the Carnival-makers), despite all the push for business sponsorship in the arts. An administrative core, run by the Carnival Arts Committee (CAC) has gradually grown, but the overall event is still very much of a close-to-the-ground thing. The 50 or so 'mas' bands that will be out on the streets this weekend come from a myriad local organisations, each fiercely jealous of its reputation and autonomy. Each decides which subject or theme to play — politically pointed like People's War's 'There's Something Wrong in Paradise' or more neutral like Genesis's 'Ancient Japanese' — and addresses the daunting organisation and fund-raising needed.

In previous years Work in Progress has tried to give an overview of the bands on the road and their context. This year I decided instead to concentrate on a particular mas band, though the problem was deciding which one, with so many contenders. In the end, I settled on Perpetual Beauty Carnival Club, started by Lincoln Rahamut seven years ago. It's a Hackney band (which shows how Carnival spreads), a neighbourhood concern (perhaps the only band that has fielded a white King or Queen, the showpiece characters that each band displays). It's organised along admirably democratic lines: it has, for instance, a design team rather than a solo featured designer. And it is also within a hair's breadth of achieving what has long been a cherished ambition — the establishment of a year-round Carnival College in its spacious ex-brewery premises.

There were only two weeks to go when I visited them in their ground floor garage, and the pressure was just beginning to be felt. It might have been two weeks to Bank Holiday, but it was just six days to the competition for the big showpiece costumes. 'Six days and six nights', said Helen Raghnall reassuringly as she snipped out palm leaves. By the end, no one sleeps. The theme this year is 'We, Not Islands', (flamboyantly realised). And here are the beginnings of the Queen of Islands costume, with the base for the swirling wave that will be poised over the wearer, the towering Beat-a-Pan (a characteristic Perpetual Beauty pun), the Turtle King and some of the costumes for the Sunday's 'Kiddies Carnival', a small turtle and a seahorse for one-year-old Tanya and Joseph, built ingeniously on baby walkers.

If there is one quality that overrides all others in Carnival, it would seem to have to be ingenuity in these hard times, closely followed by common sense. 'You can't just design something that can't be made,' explained Joanne Hippolyte reasonably. A 14-year-old schoogirl, she is the imaginative frontliner for the design team. 'And you can't design something that can't be made, if the materials are too expensive for instance. We don't have to worry too much about weight because our major costumes are on wheels, but the top has to be light, and it has to balance.'

Little by little costumes are beginning to emerge — umbrella frames into portable palm trees, irridiscent paper into sea shells. At 3.45 they break for a formal meeting, with David Sirjur, their young chair, perched among the Evostick, reviewing the situation. Last year, Perpetual Beauty was left with a staggering deficit of £2,800 which, by dint of tombolas, sponsored bike-rides and members' donations, it has painfully managed to clear. They are trying hard to keep costs down — charging people this year to wear the elaborate King and Queen ('We never have, and we feel really bad'), and haunting the Council's Scrap Project in search of the considerable goodies (like rolls of holey glitter from which the sequins have been squeezed out) thrown out by firms. But some things they cannot economise on — there's the £800 van hire to get their heavy costumes to Notting Hill since they can't walk there like local bands, and the £500 or so metalwork gone into the King and Queen's sub-structure.

The Arts Council's £2,100, a standstill on last year's grant, seems increasingly inadequate. Sponsorship earns a caustic laugh. 'In Hackney?' said Taylor incredulously. 'Hackney's on its knees as far as industry's concerned — four out of five people out of work.' It galls him that commercial firms do nicely out of the Carnival days — £30 million was generated last year, he claims. If that sum seems inflated, Taylor's belief that 'they're getting a show out of the sweat off our backs' is not far from the mark. Although the central organisation (rightly) now gets more, the individual bands don't, and the grants available bear little relationship to the quality or cost of the product and the talent or needs of its producers.

It also bears little relation to the extraordinary commitment that Carnival summons up in people. 'I say to people,' said John Taylor, 'why buy a loaf of bread to feed the family when you can buy another bag of sequins?' I suspect he wasn't joking.

Next week: Work in Progress looks at two new black art shows.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Slaughterhouses: a pet theory

Maureen Duffy

In the Company of Animals
JAMES SERPELL *Blackwell* £14.95

ONE OF THE subsidiary pleasures of a book like this is the glimpses it gives you of other ways of life, like but also unlike your own. I am now enamoured of the lifestyle of the wild pig. As James Serpell describes it, it seems a Golden Age, something which porcine poets might have sung of and mythologised for those who now dwell from the nursery to the abattoir in a series of concrete and metal crates of varying sizes but uniform in dullness and discomfort.

Similarly I now love the Mapach Indians (I have in any case always felt myself an Indian manqué,) who in the 16th century kept, as modern Indians still do, raccoons as pets. These charming creatures seem the ideal cross between cat and dog we have all been looking for, better even than the fox I saw safely tied to a lamp post outside a pub in Covent Garden the other evening with its Alsatian companion.

These subsidiary pleasures are the kind that the wildlife and sociogeographical TV programmes excel in. They cater to an ingrained human fascination with other species and other cultures which recognises, however unwillingly, a community between all humans and all animals in Darwin's 'myriad beautiful forms'. Our natural response is empathy, liking and interest. To kill or ill-treat fellow humans or animals we have to inhibit this natural response. This is the crux of the argument in James Serpell's lucid and unpompous book. It isn't a new argument; there are arguably no new arguments in what is now a well worked over issue, but because he is an animal behaviourist by profession he is able to present it with the authority of a scientist and the backing of lightly worn scholarship.

He tackles the old canards that only the socially maladroit or the emotionally stunted care for other animals, an attitude that probably contributed to our accusing of witchcraft people (mainly elderly women) who kept familiars or pets. Though there is undoubtedly a nurturing element in our relationship with companion animals and though they look up to us as surrogate parental or authority figures for comfort and security, most humans don't use them simply as substitute children and, with the exception of Hitler, those who are kind to animals usually care about humans too. (Does Hitler's seemingly loving relationship with Eva Braun make all heterosexuality suspect?)

James Serpell argues coolly and with great precision that it was the neolithic farming revolution that led us to need to put a distance between ourselves and the animals we exploit. The vivisector may be fond of the family cat.

Camera Press

What master's voice? Satanist Dobermann prepares to terminate empathetic relationship with surrogate authority figure

The women may nurture young animals, even suckling them themselves, and mourn when the men take them away to kill when they are big enough, refusing to eat their flesh; abattoirs and now factory farms are anonymous buildings largely out of sight and mind. We don't as a rule eat our pets or allow ourselves to love our dinners. In farming societies such as the Nuer of the Sudan, where men do allow themselves to become bonded to their animals, the oxen can only be killed rarely and with the proper propitiatory ceremonies which Serpell sees, quite rightly I think, portrayed in the cave paintings of the Lascaux hunters.

He suggests too that the original domestication of the other animals may have come about through hunter-gatherer pet keeping. Young sheep and goats which seem, apart from the dog, to be the earliest domesticated creatures might have been brought back to camp as playthings for the children after their parents had been killed for food. What he doesn't explain is how and why they are removed from this companion status to that of herded food units or how and why we humans are able to take this psychological distancing step, although our cousins the chimpanzees do much the same thing when they are able both to play with young monkeys and baboons and yet hunt and eat them.

Once having taken the distancing step, of course, we humans have to invent an underpinning moral and mythological structure to make it all seem right and necessary and to cope with the guilt and distress to ourselves which might otherwise follow. Ultimately our distancing process must be part of a biological expansionist drive like that of multiplying bacteria which parasitise the available space and food supply until they destroy the host organism. This is in contrast to other self-limiting mechanisms such as reabsorption of the foetus and infertility in time of dearth which seek to strike a balance with the environment. Humankind is behaving like an out-of-control invader which is in danger of destroying the host planet and ultimately starving itself to death. Fortunately, as Serpell points out, there are signs of hope in our growing concern for other humans, other animals and our environment: empathies which may well draw on the same emotional source as our bonding with pets but increasingly have the underpinning of economic and ecological sense. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FICTION

Fata Morgana

Liz Heron

Sicilian Uncles
LEONARDO SCIASCIA trans. N. S. THOMPSON
Carcanet £8.95

SICILY COMES to life in Sciascia's fiction as it does nowhere else in literature, and he has anatomised the Mafia's exercise of power there — 'a parasitical bourgeoisie that exploits without investment' — with unparalleled precision. It is the closeness and depth of that regional focus that has made him a major European writer. *Sicilian Uncles*, published in 1958, approaches the island's political history from four crucial entry points — the 1848 revolution, 30s' fascism, the mythic forces of the Soviet Union and of the United States — and in doing so holds up a magnified image of realities both less local and more intimate.

Each of the book's four novellas hinges on an individual consciousness making sense of the world and, through time, reaching some vital understanding. Both 'The American Aunt' and 'Forty-Eight' begin with their narrators as young boys interpreting the events of the adult world. The long-awaited landing of American troops in 1943 precedes an even longer wait for the aunt from Brooklyn, during which the whole town succumbs to the blandishments of transatlantic relatives — parcels containing tinned food and loud clothes with cigarettes and dollars secreted in their pockets — and to their warnings that such 'aid' will be threatened should electoral recommendations go unheeded.

With the 1948 Christian Democrat victory, the aunt at last arrives, bringing disillusionment in her wake. It is the rueful humour of the allegory that inflects the story's more personal moments of revelation. Fidelity to the particular sees to it that Sciascia's ironies are never schematised. Private betrayals mingle with public in 'Forty-Eight', where the story-teller learns about ruling-class hypocrisy through the ruthless manipulations of the baron for whom his father works as a servant. The tale opens just before the 1848 revolution and ends as Garibaldi's army of unification is given a hero's welcome by the treacherous land-owner. In 'The Death of Stalin' a communist shoemaker doggedly strives to impose logic on the incomprehensible ideological vagaries of his hero's strategy from the Hitler-Stalin pact onwards. But the religious character of his idealism elevates Uncle Joe to a godhead, omniscient protector of the faithful worldwide, and even with the final global unmasking of 1956 the truth comes hard.

Perfidy is threaded through these stories, evoking not only the mesh of economic entrapments that govern Sicilian society, but also suggesting the legacy of corruption and faith that lies behind contemporary Italian dramas of loyalties reversed in everyday political relationships. Across their chronological separations characters acquire familial or moral kinship, deepening historical undercurrents and the accretions of power and influence, against which the only weapon available is a vigilant understanding. The narrative technique here, of gradually emerging subjective evidence, has affinities with Sciascia's later use of the detective story in novels like *The Day of the Owl* and *Equal Danger*, better known through Rosi's film adaptation, *Illustrious Corpses*.

In 'Antimony', the last and most sober of these pieces, pessimism is paradoxically overridden by the intensifying clarity of its protagonist's perceptions. A sulphur-miner escapes the awful dangers of his work by enlisting in Mussolini's battalions against the Spanish Republic and his painful realisation that he is fighting on behalf of his own enemies expands into a series of acute reflections on the nature of fascism and the struggle against it. Dense with ideas and converging experiences that build the impression of a much longer piece of writing, 'Antimony' is one of the finest fictions written about the Spanish Civil War. Readers unfamiliar with Sciascia would do well to start here. □

PAPERBACKS

The disappeared

Malcolm Imrie

WITH BRITAIN'S landed gentry, the more you learn, the more you loathe, and Harry Hopkins, author of **The Long Affray: The Poaching Wars in Britain** (Macmillan, £6.95) has little time for the *tout savoir, c'est tout pardonner* notion of history. But he saves his anger for a Conclusion where he demolishes the case for their defence and the myths of 19th-century rural harmony before an imaginary English jury, 'sipping its National Trust tea in the orangery'. The gentry's much-touted political sagacity? No evidence. The 'Turnip Townsend/Coke of Norfolk' agricultural pioneer image? No foundation. Few landowners even *knew* about the lives of their workers; fewer still gave a damn. They weren't even much good at cricket.

They could, however, be credited with certain technical innovations — the spring gun, for example, which Lord 'Turnip' Townsend was among the first to employ as a deterrent to poachers. Triggered by trip wires and firing lead shot or iron bolts, early models were restricted to blasting off their victims' legs: later, thanks to ingenious elevating screws, they could aim higher. The man-trap, though, was not original; our aristocracy merely gave a new lease of life to a device banned in France after the Revolution whose export they so dreaded.

The Long Affray begins with Hopkins' discovery of two conflicting headstones on the Hampshire grave of Charles Smith, a poacher hanged in 1822 for wounding a keeper, and weaves Smith's story into a well researched and eloquent history of the war between poachers and gentry, 'peasants vs pheasants', that endured well into this century. 'War' is no exaggeration: the bloody skirmishes in woods and fields were only frontline tableaux in a sullen and continuous struggle between some five million rural labourers and 27,000 landowning families whose sport denied the former land, food and dignity. As Hopkins argues, England's gentry enforced their own 'Terror' — and, unlike that in France, it dragged on for decades.

In Dumas *père*'s *The Man in the Iron Mask*, the prisoner, who can never show his face, is twin brother to Louis XIV, the Sun King. Rampick, **The Man in the Iron Mask** in Peter Hoyle's novel (Carcanet, £4.95), may also be an unacceptable twin, a contemporary internal exile confined to the kingdom of 'murk-light': the sun makes his narrator, too, 'feel an outcast' and thus guilty. Self-denigration, apathy and morbidity are the narrator's other characteristics, along with the powerless, archaic verbosity of his open-prison writings. For Rampick, the view through an imaginary visor may be the Ile Sainte-Marguerite or the Bastille; in fact there is nothing to see but a run-down council block in northern England, a landscape reduced to monuments of dereliction, a society to its bare essentials: police, rent-collectors, psychiatrists. As much as anything, Hoyle's extraordinary novel can be read as an elegy to our own *desaparecidos*.

With less ambiguity, so could Nigel Gray's **Happy Families** (Futura, £2.95), a plain and powerful account of its narrator's short life from deprived childhood through doomed relationships and tormented fatherhood to murder and suicide. Desire, here, moves through a series of Chinese boxes: 'to escape from one prison is to find yourself in the next.' Gray's strength lies in framing cyclical, familial miseries within the social confines of poverty policed by efficient gaolers, in schools, hospitals and dole offices.

It's easy to spot a doubtful book on psychoanalysis: simply check for a back-cover quote from H. J. Eysenck. And when, as with E.M. Thornton's **The Freudian Fallacy** (Paladin, £3.95), Eysenck's is the *only* endorsement, expect the worst. Thornton has an unusual thesis — Freud was a coke addict: psychoanalysis is the insidious product of a diseased mind. If you must read this nonsense, start at the conclusion where you'll find a shrill index of Thornton's own pathology. Liberal intellectuals, communists, nudity, LSD, wife-swapping, the permissive society: her demons must have a father and, for reasons I'm sure could be unravelled in under 50 minutes, she points to Freud.

But why not Nietzsche, syphilitic megalomaniac, proto-Nazi and misogynist, according to Thornton's philosopher-equivalents? R. Hinton Thomas' **Nietzsche in German Politics and Society 1890-1918** (Manchester, £8.50) gives a fascinating outline of his early reception. No surprise, if you've read Nietzsche, to learn that his work was condemned by nationalists and militarists, championed — for his revaluations of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

morality, will and individuality — by SPD dissidents, anarchists and feminists. This short study provides historical background to Deleuze's claim that, while Marx and Freud may represent the dawn of our culture, Nietzsche is the dawn of counter-culture.

Friedrich Nietzsche, Friedrich Nietzsche, dormez-vous, dormez-vous? As you will be reminded in every one of Ed McBain's Matthew Hope mysteries, Hope's private-eye partner divides all names into Frère Jacques and Eleanor Rigbys ('Jackie Onassis, died in a church . . .). Such cute asides, plus the vicissitudes of Hope's divorce and the Florida weather, deflect the sex and violence of whatever parallel world keeps the plots jogging along. The latest in paperback, **Snow White and Rose Red** (Sphere, £2.95) concerns a beautiful client who may or may not be raving mad and includes a thorough DIY guide to establishing cause of death with bodies immersed in water for long periods.

Naomi Mitchison kept what must be one of the fullest Mass-Observation diaries, right through to Hiroshima: a million words, now edited into **Among You Taking Notes . . .** (Oxford, £4.95). Opened at random at November 1942: 'I managed to get some brown knickers and sox. Then to Dr Harding who gave me another go of stuff for the varicose vein, pretty sore . . . I said my worst symptom was losing my temper. She says this is common at the menopause. Said what about, I said feminism and Scotland, the things I *feel* about.' An ineradicable disorder fortunately: she writes her 1984 Foreword with the same passionate intelligence as the diary, ends waiting 'for a new wave of hope'. □

FICTION

Floral print

Adrianne Blue

A Misalliance
ANITA BROOKNER *Cape*, £9.95

THERE IS A certain kind of woman — articulate, feminist, the kind of woman I admire — who defends the Brookner mystique. At dinner parties, on the telephone, she has been telling me, 'Oh, Anita Brookner, she writes the same book over and over and I know she is not a feminist, but I always read it. Because she writes about the sort of people I know.' Not so. What Brookner is cooking up is Mills & Boon for bluestockings.

Brookner writes about the meek inheriting the earth, after a fashion. She turns the 'Reader, I married him' notion around, but not quite on its head. Her heroines, as passive as Jean Rhys's, as unemphatic as Barbara Pym's, are — up to a point — their own women. They throw aside a marriage proposal here, hang onto a neglectful married lover there; they quietly, narrowly, prevail. Men, those rough boys of whom we are fond in spite of the mud pies in their brains, do indeed prefer shallow blonde to deep, decent mouse. But they hanker most for respectability.

Enter Brookner's bookish and self-contained middle-class 'ladies'. The term sits uneasily on the page in the 1980s, yet Brookner got away with it in *Hotel du Lac*. Toward the end of that Booker Prize winner, the tasteful, timorous, honourable heroine, a writer of trashy romantic novels, declares that she believes in the plots (and in the florid emotions) she invents for her Mills-&-Boony heroines. Surely not: her life shows she knows them to be dangerous, woman-denying hopes. Is there not an insurmountable moral impediment here? A fundamental lie? Isn't that novel a kind of Laura Ashley of the spirit? Aren't they all?

In *A Misalliance*, once again, a Brookner heroine detests champagne — or, rather, fears it. The best realised scene in this short novel is the description of the migraine Blanche gets after sipping champagne at the Dorchester. She is there tippling on behalf of a self-centred, young woman who is rather like the woman Blanche's husband Bertie has gone off with. Add to that misalliance Blanche's longtime admirer, a maidenly male civil servant, and the estate agent husband who repeatedly drops in. The novel shows how Blanche comes to terms with the hole Bertie's absence has made in the fabric of her life.

The migraine works exquisitely as a scene and as a symbol of this depressed heroine's woes, and as a device for allowing more characters into her empty life, thereby supplying the mild suspense that precedes the bittersweet ending, which is very clever.

The beginning, though, fails. For 30 pages Blanche ruminates about characters who don't yet exist for us. Then Blanche complains to her-sister-in-law that people think Bertie left because she is frigid, and there is no way to refute them. 'You could sleep with their husbands,' says Barbara. I laughed out loud. But there is not much of this sort of thing. No doubt I am a more vulgar reader than Brookner has in mind. □

FICTION

Goody goody

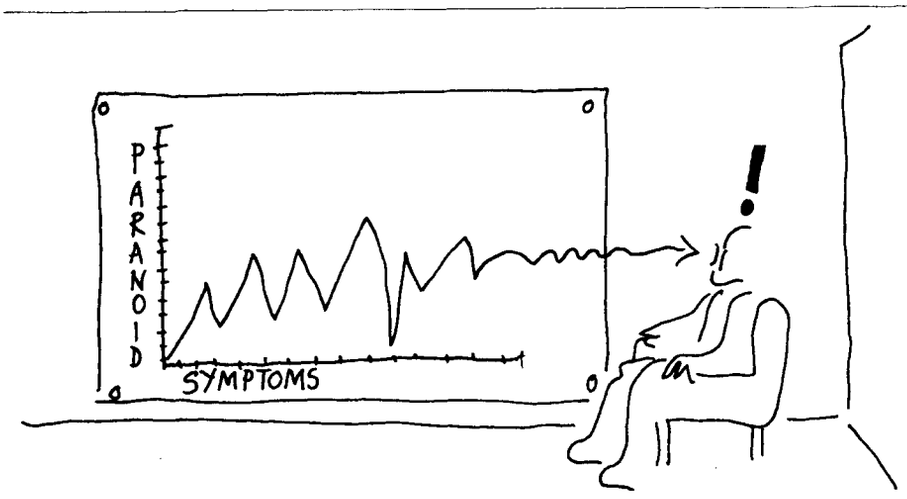
Sheila MacLeod

The Magnificent Spinster
MAY SARTON *The Women's Press* £8.95 & £4.95

ACCORDING TO CAM, the narrator of May Sarton's latest novel, Jane Reid is a great teacher who has inspired generations of pupils, and a great woman who gives of her time, money and energy with even-handed generosity to all who seem to need them. She evokes and is capable of both love and admiration, but she never undertakes a sexual relationship, exclusive or otherwise, either with a man or another woman. And yet she conveys to those around her a sense of serenity and fulfilment, a sense of completion.

The celebration of another person's magnificent life is a rare fictional genre, and it is easy to see why: the enterprise, though laudable, is fraught with difficulties. Sarton's heroine was inspired by her own primary school teacher, Anne Longfellow Thorp, granddaughter of the poet Longfellow, and Cam seems to be based on Sarton herself. The novel works best when dealing with the relationship between these two temperamentally opposed women and the scenes where Cam is present are written with an authority which is sadly absent from those concerning Jane's early or private life, about which the author/narrator has had to speculate. Here her evident respect for her heroine becomes an impediment to incisive thinking and the narrative either degenerates into a series of unadorned and therefore uninteresting facts or becomes bogged down in domestic trivia.

Jane is the pivot of the novel — which charts the span of her life — and its success depends on the reader's response to her. There is apparently much to admire in her: kindness, patience, gentleness, loyalty. Her virtues are the old-fashioned 'feminine' ones which come under the general heading of selflessness and are considered nowadays to be more than a little psychologically suspect. I was left wondering whether there really was anything so magnificent about Jane's childishness, her lack of both passion and self-knowledge, and her evasion of anything (such as politics) she found emotionally distasteful. As in so many



Marianne Kolbuszewski

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

novels with an all-female cast, the atmosphere surrounding Jane tends towards a cloying cosiness and I was led to the reluctant conclusion that, although Sarton may have intended to present us with a latter-day Mrs Ramsay, she has only succeeded in furnishing us with another 'Marmee'.

In her *Journal of a Solitude* (a much tougher and more stimulating book) Sarton quotes Jung with approval: 'One does not become enlightened by imagining figures of light, but by making the darkness conscious.' If only she had kept that precept in mind when devising this over-deferential portrait and shown us some of the darkness in Jane Reid's soul as well as all that sweetness and light. As it is, only the very naive or sentimental will find enlightenment in this particular exemplar. □

Colour blindness

M. H. Ryle

Red and Green: The New Politics of the Environment
ed. JOE WESTON *Pluto* £4.95

THE ADVENT OF the Greens has sent tremors through West Germany's political establishment. The SPD has responded actively, both by seeking coalitions with *Die Grünen* (as in the on-off-on pact with the Hesse Greens) and by incorporating green elements within a left programme (as in Oskar Lafontaine's successful eco-socialist campaign in the Saarland). Within *Die Grünen*, the issue of relations with the organised left has provoked acrimonious factional divisions, especially between the *realos* or political realists and the 'pure green' fundamentalists (*fundis*) whose leading theoretician, until he quit the party last year, was Rudolf Bahro. Bahro's polemical articles and speeches, appearing in English in three books from 1982 to the present, have offered a stimulating if increasingly idiosyncratic and provocative commentary on the whole process.

Elsewhere in Europe, though things have moved more slowly, Green parties enjoy varying degrees of electoral support in some dozen countries — from Sweden to the Irish Republic. The Chernobyl disaster, which drew responses from peace and human rights groups in Moscow, Yugoslavia, Czechoslovakia and Poland, has opened up the prospect of closer contact between disarmament groups and eco-activists across the Cold War frontier. In Britain, the long-established Green Party (founded in 1973 as the People's Party, subsequently the Ecology Party) has benefited from the continental interest in green ideas. In the absence of PR, it remains confined to the electoral fringes, but its average vote at last May's district elections was actually higher than the 5.7 per cent which gave *Die Grünen* 27 Bundestag deputies in 1983.

The mainstream British left cannot safely ignore the challenge which this poses in terms both of party allegiances and of fundamental political values. The appearance of *Red and Green* is thus timely, even overdue; for the scattering of articles on socialism and eco-politics in little magazines (*New Ground, Green Line*) over the last few months is no substitute for a more considered and analytic discussion.

Unfortunately, the book does not measure up to the occasion. A collection of commissioned essays by various authors, it suffers from the lack of focus commonly afflicting such collaborations. Some of the pieces — Jeremy Seabrook on 'modernised poverty' in the inner city; Michael Redclift's discussion of the relation between environmental policies and development goals in poor countries — are interesting, but the common red/green thread which is presumably intended to run through them all is often lost to sight for many successive paragraphs. This is the more disappointing in that a comparison or synthesis of 'red' and 'green' approaches would have been possible for many of the topics. Marke Levene, for instance, in place of a somewhat pedestrian exposition of the theme that 'peace is more than banning bombs', might usefully have contrasted the European Greens' policies on disarmament and the superpower blocs with the more Atlanticist perspective of the mainstream socialist parties.

This lack of focus, or failure to confront the reality of the contemporary green movement, also afflicts the chapters of directly political discussion in which Joe Weston (the editor) and David Pepper sketch a socialist critique of green ideology. Such a critique should surely encompass some careful examination of what the Greens are actually saying: of such key documents, for instance, as the Federal Programme of *Die Grünen*. This has been readily available in English since 1983, but is not even mentioned in the text of *Red and Green*. Nor (though there are passing criticisms, some of them well made, of writing by Jonathon Porritt and others) is there any systematic analysis of the more liberal 'neither left nor right' manifesto of the UK Greens, or any attempt to engage with the various writers (Bahro, André Gorz, Luciana Castelina and others) who have mapped out the terrain of 1980s political ecology.

Instead, the Green parties are lumped together with miscellaneous environmental groups and post-1968 US eco-prophets, and the authors (especially Weston) predictably proceed to accuse the identikit figure thus created of being a middle-class nature-lover, more interested in whooping cranes than in people, whose ideology derives from 'a rather elitist romantic bi-ethic'. This is the exact counterpart of the ill-informed platitudes with which many Greens dismiss the entire socialist tradition: whatever elements of truth it may contain, those at whom it's aimed will rightly shrug it off as a caricature and its only effect will be to harden existing divisions.

Yet Pepper is surely correct in his insistence that the Greens' implicit anti-capitalism obliges them to take proper cognisance of socialist and marxist thinking. He rightly draws parallels (noted also by some green writers) between ecological utopias and the visions of decentralist socialist/anarchists like Kropotkin — whose influence in today's labour movement is, however, even more tenuous than Pepper allows. I would argue that the more orthodox socialist goal of central planning also has a role to play in any transition to a sustainable economy. An eco-socialist programme might win little support in the labour movement now, but its elaboration is urgently necessary in view of the resource constraints and environmental perils which, as the Greens stress, confront all industrial societies. It's all the more pity, therefore, that Neil Kinnock has just rejected party moves for a ministry of environmental protection, which might have been one step in the right direction.

Twysided

David Edgar

William Barnes: A Life of the Dorset Poet
ALAN CHEDZOY *Dovecote Press* £8.95

WILLIAM BARNES WAS a mildly (and not untypically) eccentric mid-Victorian schoolmaster and divine, whose claim to fame lies in his authentically muscular Dorset dialect poetry. Alan Chedzoy is a socialist, a recently-elected Labour councillor for Weymouth, and was one of the more telling contributors to the miners' debate at the Labour conference last year.

The superficially surprising fact that the latter has written an engagingly readable biography of the former is not entirely explained by geography. For Chedzoy — who chairs the William Barnes Society — is convinced that Barnes' commitment to the reclamation of pre-Latinated, Saxon English was part of a radical project, albeit partially conscious and socially repressed, in evidence for which he cites not only Barnes' philology but his rejection of corporal punishment, defiance of social convention and commitment to the movement for the Mutual Improvement of the labouring classes.

Of course, it would be equally possible (as Chedzoy acknowledges) to see in Barnes' deep nostalgia for the rural certainties of his youth, particularly in combination with his dread of his grandfather's descent into impoverishment, the most profound conservatism, even if tempered by a paternalist sympathy for the sufferings of agricultural labour in the period of the Swing riots and the Tolpuddle Martyrs.

But such a tension is of itself fascinating (and of course by no means unique, even among Dorset poets) and Chedzoy explores Barnes' mixed career with zest and a great deal of sympathy for the man whom Kilvert described as 'half-hermit, half-enchanter'. There could perhaps be more analysis of the verses as verse, but there is much delight to be had from Barnes' linguistic theories, including his lifelong campaign to substitute invented Saxonite compounds like 'twysided' and 'manywedder' for the continental interlopers 'ambiguous' and 'bigamist'. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS

Deep reservoir of support for SDP

Ian Wright, Maidenhead, Berks

Roger Liddle's cry from the heart (*NS* 15 August) deserves a reply, if only to correct the impression that he is speaking for anyone other than himself as he sets out the ground for his SDP 'contras'.

Of course, he is right that those of us who helped set up the SDP in the spring of 1981 saw the replacement of the Labour Party as our central task. But, five years on, most of us recognize that the landscape has changed. It has become clear that the SDP does have a natural constituency among the electorate, but not where most of us thought it would be. That is bad luck for those, like Liddle, who marched to the Croslandite drum, but good news for the rest of us, who have stumbled upon a potentially deep reservoir of electoral support, which for one reason or another has been alienated by Labour and turned off by Thatcher. This group might have voted Labour in elections like 1964 or 1966 where ideology was played down in favour of competence, but ran a mile in 1983, when exposed to the socialist alternative in all its glory. They don't care for the sort of intellectual baggage with which Liddle's position is shot through. They're not socialists. But they do care and they do have radical and reforming instincts. If they are to find a home, it is likely to be with the SDP, rather than anywhere else.

Roger Liddle may not like it, but it is here, rather than with the traditional Labour voter, that SDP support is at its hardest and most loyal. This is where the SDP can actually make the rhetoric of 'the new politics' a reality. And it is here, as recent polls show, that David Owen's popularity is at its height.

Liddle is also surely wrong in his doom-laden analysis of contemporary party fortunes. His own defeat at Fulham was unfortunate, an undeserved personal failure. But it was also untypical. In the other Parliamentary elections of the past 12 months, in the May local elections and in the opinion polls, a clear pattern emerges. Britain now has a multi-dimensional political system, with two, three, or sometimes four parties in contention.

No doubt, this is a complex position and not at all the sort of clear-cut vision which Liddle and others hoped to create in 1981. No doubt, they cannot understand how this has come about and wish it had not. But it isn't going to change before the next general election.

Neil Kinnock understands that. David Owen understands that. It's a pity that Roger Liddle does not.

Cerberus bites back

Ben Gunn, London NW10

The article by Jolyon Jenkins on Pluto Press (*NS* 1 August), and the reply by Nina Kidron (Letters 15 August) both raise more questions than they answer. The first is: do we want, need a radical broad-based literature? This question needs to be asked because the left often gives the impression of not only living in a cultural desert but of being quite happy and secure there. This is in contrast to past periods, and indeed to the contemporary women's movement which has managed to create and sustain a rich and many-sided literature.

If we want such a literature, and Pluto is our foremost independent socialist publisher, then Pluto must be supported, and must repay that support by seriously addressing itself to the task of midwife.

What are the problems? We live in a narrow and barbarous age but not an age without struggle or conflict, hope and desire. Where are the voices from that struggle, from the factory floor, from the dole queue, from the street? When one looks at Pluto's fiction lists they are conspicuous by their scarcity, as if the search of a literature of our age, which in my view would have to be a literature of struggle, has been abandoned for the narrow aesthetic of a buff's genre, and the end product a kind of mannequin in pinkish-red underwear which may serve to put radical insomniacs to sleep but hardly sets fire to the soul, or indeed significantly upsets middle-class sensibilities.

If Pluto is to fulfil its proper role it should set itself the task of finding, nourishing and promoting writers; working-class, black, female, gay, among others, who know the world they live in and have something to say about it. But the left as a whole, if it cares about its literature must support Pluto in the way that sniffy and premature near burials like Jolyon Jenkins's do not do.

Jenkins claims that Pluto starves its writers. If true, quite shocking in principle and hardly likely to be other than negative in its end result. But does not the left as a whole starve Pluto? If the left does not care enough to support new writing then it will starve, die, or be stillborn.

Jolyon Jenkins, London SW17

If Nina Kidron is going to claim that my short item on Pluto gets 'most things a bit wrong', then it's surely incumbent on her to say *what* the alleged errors are.

What Kidron terms my 'investigation' was rather more thorough than she allows. Not only did I speak to her for 15 minutes not five, but I also had an off-the-record briefing with a senior member of her staff, and spoke to one of the sacked workers, three Pluto authors, and two people who have had commercial dealings with Pluto over several years.

Kidron's complaint, I suspect, is not really that I said that Pluto is in financial difficulty. As she says, the *New Statesman* too is in a financial mess — it's own leading article last week admits as much — and if the *NS* allowed its distribution company to go to the wall, then that would be a legitimate news story. *Women's Review* is in trouble as well, and the *NS* mentioned it, at their request. What I imagine grates is that I aired publicly the discontent with Pluto's business practices that has been privately fomenting for a very long time. I wish Pluto no ill — the reverse, in fact — but being right on doesn't exempt you from criticism.

Chesterton — another view

Brian Cheyette, Leicester

Michael Coren, in his review of Michael Ffinch's *G. K. Chesterton — A Biography* (*NS* 8 August), wrongly refers to 'The Weiner Institute' (I suppose he means the Weiner Library) as 'the best monitor of anti-semitism in Britain' which does not 'regard Chesterton as a culprit'. In fact the Weiner Library does not concentrate specifically on British anti-semitism although, in a special *Weiner Library Bulletin* in 1982, G. K. Chesterton *is* analysed in a survey article on British anti-semitism.

Coren is right to argue that 'the anti-Jewish question is the litmus test of any investigation into Chesterton' but wrong to conclude that Chesterton was not especially anti-semitic when compared with 'Waugh, Buchan, Kipling, Haggard and so on'. Unlike other British writers of his time, Chesterton consistently and publicly promoted the World Jewish conspiracy theory and, as a result, actively campaigned for the removal of Jewish civil liberties in Britain. It is this political dimension which distinguishes Chesterton from his anti-semitic literary peers.

I ♥ Radical Scotland

Nigel Bowles, Edinburgh

Jenny Turner's review of *Radical Scotland* (*NS* 8 August) is poor stuff. Those of its readers with whom I have discussed her comments are at a loss to know how she concludes that '. . . the mercy of its subscribers (is) getting very strained'. The inelegance and imprecision of her prose apart, there is no evidence to support her case. Sales of *Radical Scotland* have risen in the past year, and far from the 'imaginative energy' of its editors being 'inadequate', it seems to me admirably great. No doubt the magazine's editors would welcome more advertising, but Ms Turner's criticism of a radical publication on the grounds that it lacks advertisers' goodwill is fatuously misplaced.

Piqued baroness

Andrew Roth, London SW1

I am sorry if I piqued Baroness Turner (Letters 8 August) by not citing her as the exception to my strictures on inactive retired trade union leaders. If I may make amends, I *have* noticed that in this session's most important 90 votes, Baroness Turner voted 50 times while Lord Scanlon only voted eight times.

Socially responsible investment

Alan McDougall, Pensions and Investment Resource Centre Ltd, London SW9

John Rentoul's piece on ethical investment (*NS* 15 August) could have covered more serious issues in the growing socially responsible investment (SRI) movement in the UK. There is far more to this than finding ways in which individual investors can make money without feeling guilty. SRI addresses issues which are at the heart of current debate on the future of the economy.

Our own work involves the development of socially responsible investment strategies for Local Authority Superannuation (pension) Funds. Some 96 funds control over £24 billion and pension funds overall control over 35 per cent of the combined assets on the stock market.

A central aim is to find ways of using pension fund money to regenerate the local economy. In doing so a large slice of investment capital comes within the democratic control of local councils. Another aim is to develop shareholder action between local authorities and other institutional investors as an added pressure on companies to act in socially responsible ways.

Many pension funds themselves have been under pressure from corporate campaigners and trade union trustees exercising shareholder action. This represents a major shift in their ability to

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

hold pension power to account for its actions, or inaction. Perhaps best summed up by the American AFL/CIO principles to increase employment through reindustrialisation; to advance social provision such as housing and public amenities; to enable trustees (or councillors) to exercise their rights as shareholders in a co-ordinated way; and to exclude investments which are hostile to the interests of contributors or beneficiaries of a fund.

One of the crucial issues now facing trustees operating SRI policies is where can they get independent investment policy advice from. The current changes in the City will mean less autonomy for broking firms because almost all are subsidiaries of new financial conglomerates. In our case we provide independent investment policy advice but do not promote or advise on financial transactions. Its also important to monitor the new ethical funds themselves. There are embarrassing instances of such funds holding shares in those companies operating in the privatisation business; trustees need independent information about ethical funds as well as traditional investments.

Reporting science

D. A. Harris, St Anne's College, Oxford

When science is reported, on TV or radio, 'straight', the presenter attempts to simplify more or less complex concepts for a general audience. This is not, as Anne Karpf claims (*NS* 8 August), a PR job for science; indeed, scientists are often frustrated by the oversimplification, the standard pictures of test tubes/shiny machines which the *broadcasters* seem to feel are essential to illustrate such reports. Admittedly, logical development of ideas is not visual, and may be difficult — but despite the disdain of Ms Karpf for 'neutral' thinking, it should still be socially acceptable.

More worrying, however, are her ideas on 'investigative' science broadcasting. It *is* the broadcasters' fault that they are uncritical about science — they should learn about it! It is no accident that the scandal of the enormous percentage of public science and medical funding spent on defence-related projects was exposed by a biologist, Steven Rose. Where are the journalists? Why aren't they interested?

The public attitude to science today, at the highest level, is typified by that MP who proudly boasted, in the Commons, that he didn't know what a becquerel was. Perhaps he could get his publicly funded research assistant to look it up.

Red Emma lives

Alison Sterling, Moving Target Theatre Company, 5 Montagu Place, London W1H 1RH

We are producing a new play by American author, Howard Zinn, about the early life of the Jewish anarchist/feminist/union organiser/pacifist Emma Goldman. She was branded 'Red Emma' by the conservative American press and considered by J. Edgar Hoover to be 'the most dangerous woman in America'.

We are very keen to hear from people with memories, information or documents relating to Goldman and also from anyone who has an interest in furthering our plans for this production which are still in the early stages.

CLASSIFIED ADS: 01-251 5487

New Statesman
14-16 Farringdon Lane
London EC1R 3AU

RATES: *£8.50 per cm* + VAT
Charities £7.50 per cm + VAT

LINAGE: *35p* per word + VAT, *min 12 words*

HEARTSEARCH PURSUITS *£5.75* for *25* words incl. box number & VAT. Extra words *30p* each (incl VAT). Send ads to: **Classified Dept, New Statesman, FREEPOST, London EC1B 1EB**

DEADLINE: Normally *11am Tues.* for *Fri.*

BOOKINGS, ENQUIRIES, 'DICTATE-AN-AD'
Call *David Jones 01-251 5487*

DEATH

PHILIP CALLON HUMPHREYS — Psychologist: formerly of Princes Gate late of Richmond died 17 August 1986. Funeral Mortlake Crematorium 22 August at 3.30 p.m. N34 9

GENERAL SERVICES

ONYX SECRETARIAL SERVICES. Manuscripts, reports, documents, letters etc. Call Nikky on (01) 458 1364. N34 3

QUALITY TYPING English, German, French. Moderate charges. Anne Shotts: 01-452 6617. N49 27

THE TYPING POOL a woman's co-operative. Professional low cost typing of articles, thesis, letters etc, from script or tape. Translation and typing of French, German, Spanish and Italian. Central London. Tel: 01-837 1489. N49 28

BOOKS/ PUBLICATIONS

BERNARD SHAW 55 volumes for sale. Works, letters, biogs collection. £350 o.n.o. Tel. 01-267 6564. N34 1

REVIEW COPIES and other books in fine condition bought and sold by Vermillion Books, 57 Red Lion St, London WC1. Tel: 01-242 5822. N49 24

SPARTACIST No. 38-39: 'The SWP — A Strangled Party'. P&P £1. Box 185, London WC1H 8JE. N34 2

THERAPY

PROBLEMS? Psychological therapy by correspondence. Your psychological profile analysed by experienced psychologists. Problem solving plans designed. Confidential. Free details: Psychological Advisory Service (NS), PO Box 218, Leicester LE2 7YE. N32 4

RESTAURANT

GAY HUSSAR Restaurant, 2 Greek Street, London W1. 01-437 0973. Traditional Hungarian cuisine. N34 10

BILLBOARD

Theatre

BLOOMSBURY THEATRE 01-387 9629 19-30 August 8pm Mon-Sat **THE BRASS BAND** in **BENT BRASS** direct from the Edinburgh Festival. **'The Best Act in Town'** Time Out.

NATIONAL THEATRE 01-928 2252 Olivier (open stage) **PRAVDA — A FLEET STREET COMEDY.** Lyttelton (proscenium stage) **BRIGHTON BEACH MEMOIRS, DALLIANCE, THE PETITION.** Cottesloe (small auditorium) **THE AMERICAN CLOCK, NEAPTIDE.** See daily press for dates and times or ring recorded information 01-928 2256.

APPOINTMENTS

COUNTY EDUCATION DEPARTMENT
Penwithen Hostel, Winterborne Monkton, Dorchester, Dorset

Two SENIOR RESIDENTIAL CHILD CARE OFFICERS

(Scale Three)

Required as soon as possible to join an established team of residential workers at the Hostel which caters on a termly basis for 30 emotionally/behaviourally disturbed children of school age. Ideally, you will have background experience of working with this client group. These posts may suit a suitably qualified (CQSW, CSS, CRCCYP) or experienced married couple.

Salary within the Dorset County Council Scale 3 **£6,900** by increments to **£7,713** with a sleeping-in allowance of **£10.59** per night when rostered on duty. Hours of duty will be 46 per week, term time only.

The posts are residential and a self contained flat is offered on site for which the appropriate charges will be made.

Informal enquiries and visits welcomed. You are invited to contact the Officer in Charge Roy Bradshaw on Dorchester 64315.

Application forms and further details from: the Staffing Officer, Education Department, County Hall, Dorchester, Telephone — 63131 ext. 4375, returnable to the Officer in Charge, Penwithen Hostel, Winterborne Monkton, Dorchester by 12 September 1986. Please quote posts D2644X/D2648X.

DORSET County Council

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

APPOINTMENTS

BANKING, INSURANCE & FINANCE UNION
RESEARCH ASSISTANT

A vacancy has arisen for a Research Assistant in the Research Department of the Banking, Insurance and Finance Union. The work of the department is an essential part of the Union's service to its members, and covers the wide range of matters relevant to their employment.

Formal qualifications are not essential, but proven ability, experience of trade union work and knowledge of industrial relations or relevant subject areas would be an advantage.

The position is based at the Union's headquarters in **Wimbledon**. Commencing salary is **£11,101 p.a.** and application forms can be obtained from: **Research Department, BIFU, 17 Hillside, Wimbledon, SW19 4NJ. Tel: 01-946 9151.** The closing date for receipt of completed application forms is **12 September, 1986.**

BIFU is an equal opportunities employer.

SHEFFIELD COUNCIL
Working for a better City

TEAM LEADER
PO2g £14,025-£15,111 (under review)

ECONOMIC AND PUBLIC SECTOR

The Department was set up in 1981 in response to mounting unemployment due to the collapse of the City's industrial base, and now employs 100 staff. Six teams work on:

(i) the defence, expansion and creation of socially useful work within the City Council and planned provision to meet the social and economic needs of the City; (ii) research and action to stem job losses and improve the quality of employment; (iii) provision of training and support for the unemployed; (iv) support for new businesses, enterprise workshops and investment opportunities; (v) development of new products, new technologies and new industries; and (vi) central resources for the Department.

The Team Leader will coordinate and manage a team of 18 staff working specifically on the defence, improvement and expansion of Council jobs and services. The Team consists of a Municipal Enterprise Unit and a Contracts Compliance Unit, which report to respective Panels of Employment and Policy Committees.

The Team's aims are:- to inform and support campaigns against enforced competitive tendering, privatisation and cutbacks in government spending; assist with the production of proposals to improve and expand municipal enterprise and direct labour; develop links and plans with workers and users and between different services, local authorities and cities; and control private contractors in the construction industry and other services threatened with privatisation through contracts compliance policies.

The work of the Team involves taking a leading role in corporate and national initiatives against privatisation and enforced competitive tendering of Council Services; the investigation and initiation of new employment opportunities within the City Council; and the analysis of the economic impact of Council spending and government policy. The Team Leader will have to relate effectively to a committed team with an established work programme, and will also be involved in the Department's Management Team and be expected to contribute to the development of the work of the Department as a whole. Should have theoretical understanding and practical experience of working within local government, the trade union movement and/or the public sector, and have knowledge of municipal enterprise and direct labour and public sector project development; be able to demonstrate management skill in meeting the development needs of staff as well as administrative and programme targets; be committed to the development of anti-racist, anti-sexist ways of working within the Team, the Department and the City Council.

APPLICATION FORMS AND FURTHER DETAILS FROM LYNN DOWNS, DEPARTMENT OF EMPLOYMENT AND ECONOMIC DEVELOPMENT, PALATINE CHAMBERS, PINSTONE STREET, SHEFFIELD S1 2HN, TEL. 0742 755215 EXT. 205. CLOSING DATE: 12 SEPTEMBER.

We particularly welcome applications from women, black people and people with disabilities for all our posts.

An Equal Opportunity Employer

CITY SELECTION, 157-159 Whitecross Street, London EC1Y 8JL. 01-253 0055. We have many opportunities for secretaries/pas, wps, clerks and receptionists in a wide variety of interesting jobs — both temp and perm. PAYMENT SAME WEEK! N34 3

Please mention
NEW STATESMAN
When replying
to advertisements

OV SELECTION have a number of vacancies for temporary & permanent office staff with typing skills. We welcome enquiries from mature people as well as College leavers. *Phone Odette Veazey, OV Selection (Emp. Agy)*, Abford House, 15 Wilton Road, London SW1V 1LT. 01-828 8345. N49 34

SOCIALIST HEALTH ASSOCIATION seeks OFFICE SECRETARY. 35 hour week, part-timers considered. All office skills except S/H required. Write with c.v., references and for further details to Box (34)3578. N34 5

COHSE

Confederation of Health Service Employees

Press Officer
(Maternity leave replacement)
Salary £12,249 plus
£1,032 London Weighting and
£561 Unsocial Hours Allowance

Journalist/Editorial Assistant
(Permanent post)
Salary £9,168 – £10,113 plus
£1,032 London Weighting

COHSE is Britain's largest trade union for Health and Social Service staffs with a membership of over 220,000 spread through the health grades and professions.
We are looking to fill two posts in our publicity team:

Press Officer (Maternity leave replacement) the successful applicant will be a member of the National Union of Journalists and have experience of press relations work within the trade union and labour movement or related field. A knowledge of health issues would also be an asset. Duties will include handling press queries, issuing press statements, advising on press relations and liaising with Head Office and regional staffs on campaigning work and media training. The appointment will be on a fixed-term contract, starting from mid-September 1986 to the end of April 1987. (Holidays *pro rata* to annual entitlement of six weeks, and 10 public holidays).

Journalist/Editorial Assistant this is a permanent post for an experienced journalist to work in the union's busy Editorial Department which currently handles the whole range of COHSE's campaign and publicity literature and information, and the production of the union's monthly newspaper *Health Services*. The type of candidate we have in mind will be (or prepared to become) a member of the National Union of Journalists and have worked as a newspaper or magazine journalist in a specialist campaign unit or similar publications department. Interest in and commitment to the trade union movement essential; knowledge of the Health and Social Services an asset. (22 days holiday, plus 12 public holidays, 35 hour week).

Applications in writing, including curriculum vitae and work samples, to the General Secretary, COHSE, Glen House, High Street, Banstead, Surrey SM7 2LH not later than 5 September 1986.

Britain's Health Service Union
COHSE is an Equal Opportunities Employer

FINANCIAL

SALARIED PERSONS Postal Loans Ltd. Loans from £50, 175 Regent Street, London W1. For written quote apply: Tel: 01-734 1974. N49 39

PROPERTY

LAKE DISTRICT (Cockermouth). Modern flat two bedrooms, lounge, kitchen, bathroom, shower, central heating, fully furnished £22,500. Bird – tel. (0723) 366017. N34 7

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PURSUITS

WRITER, DRIVING and camping round France (especially South), provisionally 7-8/29 September (could alter), has spare seats, tents, all gear. Contribution according means. Peter (06576)612. N34 8

HEARTSEARCH

AFFECTIONATE KISSES – distant hills, sheeting rain, plebeian philosophising and refuge from commonsense offered to citysick post menopausal woman by tender, sexy, creative, pagan bloke (57). Box (34)3561. N34 11

AFFINITIES. Discerning dating & definitely different events programme, eg Racing Car driving, Falconry weekend, for professional singles like you. Tel: 01-226 3337 for further details. Box (29)3400. N29 9

ARE YOU a married woman? Discreet friendship and semi-platonic love (lots of kissing and cuddling!), offered by impotent, but very affectionate, Worthing man (34). Box (32)3498. N32 6

ARE YOU a lively minded individual, 18-80, enjoying the arts, discussions, conferences, rambles, dancing? The Progressive League caters for Mind, Body and Intellectual Stimulus. And it's so cheap. Ring 01-586 2274. N49 19

ATTRACTIVE MALE, gay, 25, North London, lively, radical, romantic, seeks similar friends (25-30) who share a common zest for life. Photo appreciated. Box (33)3532. N33 5

ATTRACTIVE WIDOW, 40-ish, professional, NS reader, likes: theatre, classical music, rambling, a laugh – seeks unattached, kind, witty, intelligent man. (N) London. Box (34) 3568. N34 12

AMERICAN PSYCHOLOGIST, tall, 50s, Hampstead Heath, cheerful, aesthetic, romantic, seeks intelligent, attractive, sensitive, healthy, companionable lady – 40s, non-smoker. Photo desirable. Box (34)3542. N34 13

BLACK MAN aged 51, 6 feet tall, from Trinidad – likes: travel, eating out, classical music. Have effects of Scorpion sting. Box (34)3580. N34 14

BRISTOL MAN, 33, caring profession, vegetarian, single parent, socialist, available on short or long romantic lease to unconventional woman (with child/ren). Into alternative therapy, arts, outdoors, celidhs and much more. Box (34)3545. N34 15

BUSINESSMAN, 40s, reasonably phlegmatic and unfanatical, 'Brother and Sister' marriage (incapacitated partner), active life with many leisuretime interests but obvious empty areas, seeks intelligent, caring mate. Central England. Box (33)3517. N33 2

DATELINE'S PSYCHOLOGICALLY accurate introductions lead to pleasant friendships, spontaneous affairs and firm, lasting relationships including marriage. All ages, all areas. Free details: Dateline Computer Dating. Dept. (7NS), 23 Abingdon Rd, London W8. Tel. 01-938 1011. N49 20

DIVORCED LECTURER (40 – own hair, teeth, glasses) seeks female theatre/cinema companion (30-45). E Hants area. No interest in -isms or -ologies. Box (34)3555. N34 16

HEARTSEARCHERS PLEASE NOTE that telephone bookings can only be accepted if accompanied by a credit Card Number (Access, American Express, Barclaycard, Diners' Club, Visa). N27 18

HUMOROUS, CHALLENGING, emotionally alive, currently single status, man (30-40ish) sought by brainy, sometimes bouncy, single young woman (31), currently undernourished. Cultured, interesting relationship for receptive, not too tall nor too short person. Just north of London. Box (34)3560. N34 17

INDEPENDENT, SOLVENT, warm-hearted, personable bachelor, 30s, interested: books, music, art, current affairs, economics, learning Arabic, walking – seeks unoppressive, rewarding, maybe permanent relationship, with intelligent woman. London. Box (33)3521. N33 11

OLD FRIENDS

DOES LIFE BEGIN AT 40?

MARRIAGE, FRIENDSHIP or COMPANIONSHIP:
the introduction agency for the 40s, 50s, & 60s

Details from: Anne Brent, 18a Highbury New Park, N5 2DB Telephone: 01-226 5432

INTELLIGENT, ATTRACTIVE male, 39. Wide interests include: cinema, walking, tennis, people, books, music. Seeking smart, spirited, socialist lady 20s-30s, for long-term relationship. E. Midlands, London. Box (33)3522. N33 12

INTERESTING, NORTH London single man, early 40s, seeks caring, zestful, younger woman, for all those things which are more enjoyable with company. Box (34)3552. N34 18

LAWYER, SINGLE, male 29, wants to meet interesting, attractive woman, similar age or younger. Box (34)3581 N34 19

LONDON, ENGLISH-born Indian (40), living a discontented life, seeks intimate friendship, of a warm and generous natured woman. I will answer all letters. Box (34)3550. N34 20

MALE (26), student, quiet personality, enjoys: music, books, cinema, sport etc., seeks similar female 21-31, with whom to share life's ups and downs. West/Central Scotland area. Box (33)3541. N33 14

MALE, 30, left-wing. Enjoys the arts, food, pubs, travel; would like to share these with a non-smoking female, 20-30, in West Midlands. Box (33)3516. N33 15

MAN 5' 11", fit, 47, daughter 14, seeks non-smoking, vegetarian woman, for full relationship/marriage. Recent photo, full details children etc. Box (34)3563. N34 21

MAN REQUIRES adventurous, broad-minded, non-smoking female, 27-37, for companionship and travel on my canal boat. Let's have fun afloat! Box (34)3551. N34 22

NICE UNATTACHED MAN, 55-65, sought by lonely London woman, same age group, who needs cheering up, occasional companionship. Likes music, theatre, talking. Box (34)3554. N34 23

SENSITIVE, pro-feminist male, young 40, seeks attractive woman for warm, physical friendship, on occasional basis, to help re-discover sensuality. Lives NE but will travel. Box (34)3549. N34 24

SHORT AND SWEET! Bachelor (48), slim, fit, 5'4", interested: walking, squash, bird-watching, travel, seeks similarly inclined, sensitive female, 35-45, for lasting relationship. S/London/Kent. Box (33)3520. N33 20

SLIM, FAIR, feminine, petite, youthful woman, dress sense, own professional business, looking ten years younger than her 55 years, seeks tall (over 5' 10") caring, unattached male counterpart, professional/graduate not right of centre politically for whom integrity, laughter, style, romance, dependability and enthusiasm have special value. Box (34)3562. N34 25

SOPHISTICATED Ladies/Gentlemen introduced in India/worldwide for new friendships, matrimony/hobbies exchange. Details free. Penpals Circle, Gandhi Market, Chaura Bazar (NS), Ludhiana-141008, India. N34 26

THE BUDE gentleman and another called Ray replied to Box (31)3481 omitting address or phone number. Please write again giving these. N34 27

UNATTACHED GLASGOW man, 28, interests include music, cinema, politics, seeks affectionate entanglement with interesting, intelligent woman, to add zip to happy but humdrum life. Box (34)3548. N34 28

WEST MIDLANDS male, single F.E. Lecturer, 30. Would like to meet female for long-term, serious relationship. Photo appreciated. All letters answered. Box (33)3515. N33 23

Reminder!!! Box Replies

When answering more than one advertisement ONLY stamp the postal envelope NOT the individual replies — send them please to:
Box . . . . . .
New Statesman, 14-16 Farringdon Lane, LONDON EC1R 3AU.

HOLIDAYS

BORED WITH packaged holidays? Let us organise your special holiday at a price that suits your pocket. Holiday-Planners, 32 Baxter Street, Brighton BN2 2XP. N34 6

JOURNEY LATIN AMERICA. Low cost flights, holiday journeys, 3-6 weeks. JLA, 16 Devonshire Road, London W4 2HD. 01-747 3108. N49 30

LAKES: Self-catering. Share writer's remote farmhouse. Single/double rooms £33/£55 p.w. Discounts unwaged. (06576) 612. N33 24

***MOSCOW* £199 sleeper train**
11 day holidays, starting **Tuesdays** for the following dates **2-12 Sept., 9-19 Sept., 16-26 Sept., 24 Dec.-3 Jan. 1987.** Hotel provides full board and programme. Free entry to the Kremlin, all museums and the Exhibition of Scientific Achievement.

***BERLIN* 6-14 Sept., 26 Dec.-3 Jan. £205 & Dresden, Leipzig & Weimar.**

***BUDAPEST CITY* Dates as Moscow. (by coach) £165.**

***ALGERIA* Cities & Oases 26 Dec.-3 Jan. £250.**

VENICE, VERONA, DOLOMITES
5-14 Sept., 12-21 Sept., 19-28 Sept., 26 Dec.-4 Jan. £135.

NAPLES, SORRENTO, POMPEII & CAPRI
20-28 Sept., £160.
Stay on the sunny, warm Sorrento Riviera. Frequent boats to Capri, view the crater of Vesuvius, visit the Roman cities of Pompeii and Herculaneum.

INTOURIST GUARANTEES THE SAFETY OF OUR RUSSIAN HOLIDAYS

YORKSHIRE TOURS
49 Thornton Lodge Road, Huddersfield HD1 3JQ
Tel: 0484 24269

AGENDA

FOR DETAILS CALL DAVID JONES 01-251 5487

THURS 28 AUG

READING MATTERS BOOKSHOP invites you to the launch of *SLOWTURN* by Mike Marqusee. He will be talking about his novel, politics and sport. 7.30-10pm, Central Library, Wood Green High Road, N22. Free + wine.

SUN 31 AUG

SIX YEARS OF SOLIDARNOSC! Demonstration and march, rally with speakers 2pm, Reformers Tree, Hyde Park. March to Trafalgar Square 3pm. Polish Solidarity Campaign, 215 Balham High Road, SW17. Tel: 01 767 0393.

MON 1 SEPT

LONDON HISTORY WORKSHOP 7.30pm, Logie Barrow "Plebian Intellectuals since Blake," upstairs at *The White Swan*, 14 New Row, WC2.

ANNOUNCEMENT

USA, JUNE. 149 protesters crossed the nuclear testing site and some were jailed. Letters of support to Congressmen and John E. Mack, Harvard University Medical School, Cambridge, MA, USA.

INDUSTRIAL COMMON OWNERSHIP MOVEMENT (ICOM Ltd)
Worker Co-operatives
NATIONAL CONFERENCE
11/12 October 1986
Southbank Polytechnic
London SE1.
For further details write to:
ICOM,
7/8 Corn Exchange, Leeds
or telephone (0532) 461737/8.

ARE YOU
a pressure group/information unit/campaigning body on the Left? We are building a directory of sound organisations. Send details about yourself, inc. membership details to:
Nigel Nagarajan, New Statesman, FREEPOST, London EC1B 1EB.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Arts of the patron

Nicholas Murray

I MET A community artist the other day. I dare say it's the sort of thing that happens to readers of the *New Statesman* all the time, but it was my first experience and left me a little uneasy.

He was as nice as pie, I must stress, and arrived at my local community group flanked by two comrades, one of whom — such is my lamentable weakness for stereotyping — I had assumed to be the artist (he did have a long straggly beard, scruffy trousers and a pair of chunky brothel creepers). It turned out he was a community architect. They had come to help us produce a work of art to embellish a new housing scheme which the local community had fought for over a number of years in the teeth of the usual opposition. We all agreed it was a great idea and looked forward to the arrival of the artist.

He began by describing what he had done with other groups like ours and showed us some slides. He had a particular thing about bird tables, which was rather endearing, but some of us had visions concerning the fragility of bird tables and the toughness of local vandals so our thoughts began to run towards rather more *durable* art works.

The artist listened carefully and asked us what we wanted. There was only a muted response to this and the man in the brothel creepers began to cross and recross his legs rather testily. Someone suggested that the sculpture should try to represent, as it were, the heroic struggle of the proletariat against the forces of property development (although it wasn't put like that, of course). Then someone suggested a visual reference to the history of the site but, since this had involved the capitalist enterprise of bottling beer, that suggestion rather petered out.

To be frank, there weren't many other suggestions and I got the very clear impression that the community aesthetes were a bit cheesed off with us. They had come all this way to consult the local community and it was our job to respond by playing the grassroots Maecenas . . . or was it?

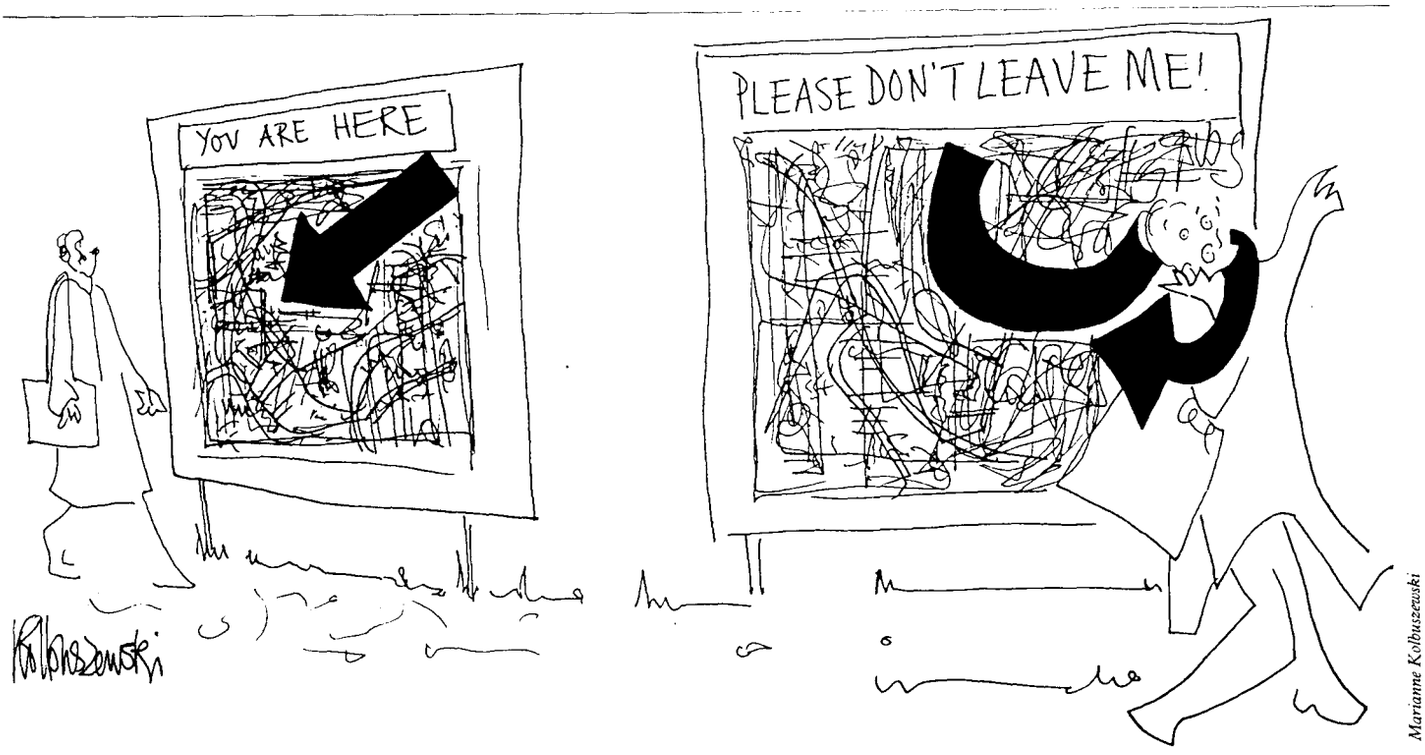
My unease was aroused by the almost casual observation of the artist that, although we were there to come up with suggestions of what we would like to see etc. etc., when it came to the crunch he would execute the final *object* in the way he wanted. He even added, and now we began to see a different side of him, that he might very well produce something we didn't like; that would be just too bad. In other words, the imperious and lonely artist with his compelling personal vision had suddenly jumped into the trousers of the cheery bloke with the shapeless jersey and the box of slides. It was my turn to recross my legs.

Were we being conned? I don't think so; there was no doubt about the threesome's sincerity. Nevertheless, there had been a collision between the well-meaning and the intractable which happens quite a lot in community work. The incident highlighted the way in which we approach such things as public sculpture in this country. Metaphorically, if not literally, we are the crowd seated on upright chairs in front of the equestrian statue waiting for its unveiling by the mayor. The band strikes up, the tuba burps and, after a period of mute appreciation, someone delivers a speech and the dustsheet falls, revealing the statue in all its bronze splendour. The thought that we could shake off this passive role and actually determine for ourselves who should sit on that horse, and how, is at once delightfully simple, entirely just and hellishly difficult. We have to learn to unlearn the habits of a lifetime, habits of receptive admiration, of deference to the individual creative imagination (not just the preferences of the organising committee), of mute marvelling.

My community group is the usual inner-city mix of working-class activists and middle-class progressives. However different our educational histories or cultural preferences — and they're pretty diverse — we share a common experience of approaching the arts (certainly the public arts) as consumers. People might paint pictures or write poems or tickle a piano when they're not at meetings, but the thought of calling the creative tune in the way we were being asked to do, of determining the shape of someone else's creativity, is a daunting one.

I'm sure it's a leap that can be taken. After all, there have been collaborations, commissions, versions and translations throughout the history of art. There's no law prohibiting the direction of an artist, unless one adheres to an extreme form of Romanticism that puts the imagination out of reach of anyone but aloof, Olympian creators whom mortal kind can't approach for fear of being blinded by their light. Given time and coaxing we could learn how to tell the community artist what we wanted (we chickened out, by the way, and gave the commission to the local schoolkids — maybe they're the ones who are going to grow up with a more participative sense of the arts).

Meanwhile, I hope the community artists learn from us that a bit of give and take, a bit of appreciation of where we are coming from, might smooth their path and allow more of us to share their vision and them to share ours. If we can talk together as equals we could produce one hell of a sculpture on the site of the old bottling plant.



Marianne Kolbuszewski

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Healthy appetite

Colin Spencer

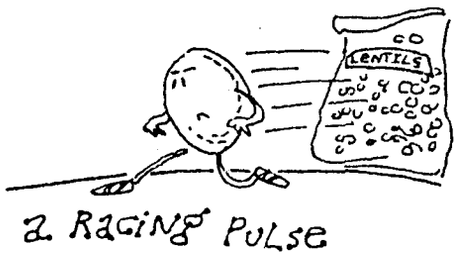
IS IT SO ODD that the government, a couple of years back, tried to suppress the report of the National Advisory Committee on Nutrition Education (NACNE)? With the majority of us consuming chemical additives and growth hormones, a smidgeon of salmonella with the fowl and a sprinkling of DDT on the *salade verte*, we are suffering from mild brain disorientation: susceptible to depression and apathy, we are in no state to be politically active. Convenience food is convenient for whom? I ask. Opiates for the people come in cans and burgers these days.

Adam Smith said it all: 'It is not from the benevolence of the butcher, the brewer or the baker, that we expect our dinner, but from their regard to their own interest.' Food is big business and, allied to drugs and farming, makes a formidable monolith. It has vociferous spokespeople in Parliament, there to protect its profits, not our health and well-being. So it is well worth while trying to understand what the NACNE report actually said.

The message has now percolated through to the majority that the main critical thrust is that we eat too much fat (saturated in particular) and too much salt and sugar, while we do not consume enough dietary fibre. Roughly, we should cut down on the first three by a half and double the amount of the latter. But half and double of what?

Most people just change to margarine and grab a second helping of All-Bran. This makes dull food – instead of revealing that the NACNE dicta can provide a new diet which is both beguiling and invigorating and would lead (I naively pray) to political commitment and a refusal by the consumer to be given food which surely should stay in the chemistry laboratory in which it was born and nurtured.

But, of course, for the individual, it is impossible to gauge what half of an ingredient is. There is a Monty Python element in demanding half of an unknown quantity. The NACNE report talks in terms of cutting down to 10 per cent of total energy intake from a present level of 18 per cent, which makes as much sense for most of us as Sanskrit instructions on a Rubic cube.



Damon Burnard

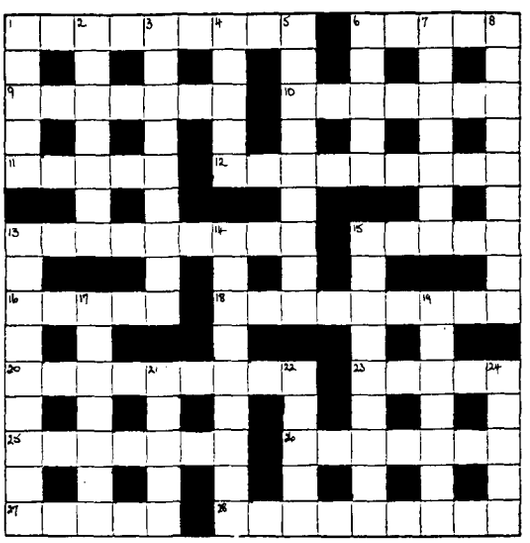
We know that, once ideas are trendy, people tend to believe them as Holy Writ. So let us emphatically remind ourselves that we are all individuals, hence all dietary recommendations are rough generalisations. My advice is to be circumspect: merely to cut down roughly on all saturated fats, across the whole spectrum of the diet.

Fats in meat can easily be avoided altogether, but not when they are hidden in the manufactured meats like burgers, sausages and luncheon meats. Of course, knowing what goes into the British banger is like being told that idols have clay feet: it is so unbelievable and unpalatable that we prefer *not* to know. You also need to be circumspect on dairy products. That means eating cream rarely, watching the amount of butter on the toast, changing to more low fat cheeses, drinking skimmed milk, using a low fat yoghurt and *fromage frais* instead of cream. Then there are all the hidden fats in biscuits, cakes, tinned and frozen goods and we are back where I came in. Best to ignore them; I prefer to use my butter in sauces rather than as part of a chocolate chip cookie.

The case against salt as a factor in causing hypertension is not utterly proven: research in the last decades has contradicted itself. Latest thought is that a low intake of potassium or calcium leads to high blood pressure and that it is the balance between the three minerals — sodium, potassium and calcium – which we have to correct. But it is true that,

Weekend Crossword 1529

PRIZE: £10 Book Token for the first correct solution opened. Entries to Crossword 1529, New Statesman, 14-16 Farringdon Lane, London EC1R 3AU by first post 9 September.



Name_____

Address_____

ACROSS

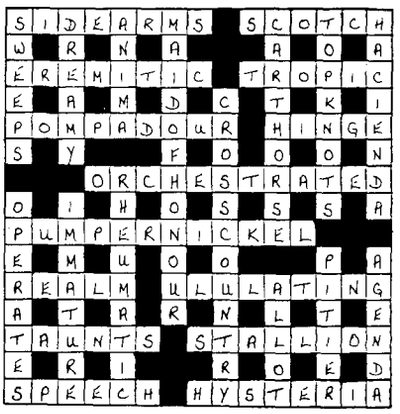
1 They are not warlike but I excel in retreat before fighters (9)
6 Subject to page 100 (5)
9 Nobody is superior to him in losing his temper or swearing (7)
10 In seven, for example, one animal follows another (7)
11 Gets rid of buildings (5)
12 European with room for government (9)
13 One who makes merry or complains about a fool? (9)
15 Plants which make a soldier go after sport (5)
16 Ticket for a man in his fifties (5)
18 Errors made when I rush into writing (9)
20 Defeat by one run? (9)
23 Drink for a time being in different hands (5)
25 Delightfully rural (7)
26 Touching point about a broken down gig (7)
27 Expressions of astonishment when a snake is to be seen inside (5)
28 Frequently culture needs backing to give this cultural centre a start (9)

DOWN

1 Looks for the matches (5)
2 Those who catch coins (7)
3 Anticipate everything taking place behind the trees (9)
4 Something to drink with which shows up marks on the face (5)
5 Foreigners filter back into the resorts (9)
6 King's man occupies this unfinished part of England (5)
7 Relate to an unusual painter (7)
8 After a morning in prison is holding a bunch of flowers (9)
13 The West, being permissive, is enjoying filth (9)
14 Verse for fertiliser and harvest (9)
15 Glow of anger during the journey (9)
17 The rest of the small children (7)
19 Being a little chap, it is unusual for one to have guts (7)
21 Where the money is to be found for husbands (5)
22 Without one the servant has provided a drink (5)
24 Stiff although the fellow is out of the cold (5)

SETSQUARE

Solution to 1527



Prizewinner to 1527

David Gibson
(Upton Wirral)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

physiologically, we eat in the West ten times the amount of sodium we need.

But perhaps sugar is the most insidious of the taboo foods. We still bribe our children to do what we want with sweets as presents; self-service stores pile the check-out counters with lurid little packages to tempt us to impulse buying. The more sugar and cream in the puddings piled in floral rows upon the restaurant trolley, the more glowingly appreciative we are. *All sugars are cariogenic* and, if we want our children to have healthy, gleaming gnashers, we should watch the Smarties.

It is the dictum of doubling the dietary fibre which I find confuses people most, for often they believe that a bowl of Shreddies or muesli does the trick. Dietary fibre is the enzyme which our digestion will not break down, so it wraps the waste food around like a bolster and carries the toxins away. It appears in raspberries and other soft fruit as much as in the grains which we eat in wholemeal bread, pasta and rice, as well as in the dried pulse family and all vegetables. It is amazing that we haven't been consuming enough of it but, in a highly processed and refined diet, which is what convenience food is, you just don't.

The healthy diet is a balancing trick between a wide variety of different foods. Being a food writer today is also a balancing act: between exposing what is wrong with the stuff (and that is a political act) and showing that food is still one of the greatest pleasures of life. In Britain, we are always ashamed of admitting pleasure, which is why we have secret eaters as well as secret flagellants.

What is intriguing about the healthy diet is that it is almost the same, now, as the trendy diet. It is based on fruit, vegetables, grains and pulses, with a lot of fish, a little game and the occasional piece of lean meat. The amount eaten is small compared with ten years ago, the carbohydrate is greater, the protein less. It is also a slimming diet. Odd how all the mid-20th-century obsessions fuse together. □

Colin Spencer's The New Vegetarian *will be published by Hamish Hamilton in September.*

Damon Burnard

Weekend competition

No 2938 **Set by Red Dorn**

The number of services you can get over the phone keeps expanding: horoscopes, recipes, *Eastenders* updates, brain teasers, sexual fantasies. Suggest another and give an example in no more than 150 words. By 4 September.

No 2934 **Set by E. O. Parrott**

Theme parks of the famous, following Dolly Parton's country & western Dollywood.

Report **By Red Dorn**

Few candidates here for a copywriting job at Young and Rubicam. But maybe that's our fault: Britain long ago outstripped most of your visions of Tebbit/Maggie/Fowlerland and a more demanding exercise in these days of ubiquitous simulation might have been to imagine a possible *reality*. £8 each to those below. And *did you know* that the proposed EuroDisneyland, near Paris, has just got the green light? The RPR and Front National voted for; Communists against; Socialists abstained. And Disney promise that Mickey Mouse *will* speak French.

HOWELAND — the ultimate in relaxation.

Bring the family for that real-life spaced-out dream-world feeling. Let the Mogadonerama — this year's award-winning space-age soother — thrill your kids to sleep. Take the mystery tour through 'Africa' — our fantastic simulated exotic hot-spot — and win a prize if you can open the closed doors. Dress up as a Dead Sheep (costumes in all sixes to 56" chest) for the daily Mock Debate.

And that's not all! Eat in our How's-about-a-Horlicks Bar, or — for a special meal — try the Howe Hu Chinese Restaurant, decorated throughout in shades of grey. And the bill won't frighten you!

Howeland — where young and old meet the same excitement, where nothing moves fast enough to escape. Howeland — The perfect antidote to an over-stimulated life!

D. A. PRINCE

KINNOCKWOOD — where new and old blend in an unforgettable experience! Look down on the whole parkland from one of our Healey-copters — Test your nerves in Castle Militant — Feed the nearly-extinct Kilroy silkworms in the elegant Hatton Gardens!

You can try your hand at forging policies at the old Smithy while the children enjoy a ride on the Hefferlump or laugh at the antics of Little Benn, always behind time! Enjoy a light-hearted flutter by playing cherchez-la-feminism or in guessing how much is really in the golden Top Hatt! In the evening shadows, let Boyo serenade you with traditional Welsh rugby songs!

Wholesome food available at all times. So much to do! And all perfectly safe!

DAVID MORGAN

BRANSONLAND — a leisure park for enterprising tourists. Try the Branson Boutique for Virgin lapel badges, car stickers, rock candy. Enjoy Bransonpap, the latest in pop music, relayed to every corner of the park on Virgin Air Waves. Have fun collecting rubbish on the Virgin Litter Trail (re-stocked daily). Experience high-tech refuse collection: drive a turbo-charged 100 mph Virgin garbage truck (the Bransonhoover).

Take a trip on Atlantic Lake in a self-drive Virgin Challenger power boat. If you hit one of the many partially submerged deep freezers and sink, the combined services of the Coastguards, RNLI and RAF are at your disposal, and a new three million pound boat will be immediately made available at no extra cost. If you cross the lake without mishap, you establish a Virgin Record, and this entitles you to a monogrammed Virgin life-jacket, a year's supply of black plastic Bransonbags and an audience with the Prime Minister.

WATSON WEEKS

Get on down to Britain's newest theme park — RUNCIEVILLE — the sacred heart in the heart of London, and enjoy a day of fun in a real Tudor palace. Watch Terry Waite, special envoy extraordinary in his one-man roadshow 'On His Grace's Secret Service'; don the cope and officiate at the Tussaud's Royal Wedding Tableau with moving models — as seen on TV — and take home the video; marvel at the incredible Dr Jenkins and his conjuring tricks with beliefs — now you see them, now you don't! Don't miss the amusements either, ride the ally-gaiter, try your luck at the mitre-shy, and see how many babies you can get into the font.

Alcoholic refreshments — including Handel's Lager — are available at the *Wine and Wafer*, Runcieville's own pub, with more substantial meals in the Upper Room, with music by our own three-part harmony group Con-vacation. Then finish your day dancing your chasubles off at Hassock's Nightclub in the converted chapel. Runcieville is a taste of Heaven. (Women only admitted as spectators.)

ANDY KIRBY

MAGGIEWOOD — a privatised corner of England's green and pleasant land dedicated to the leisure needs of the more discerning members of the electorate. Designed by Saatchi and Saatchi, the personality park contains numerous follies, a cafeteria (self-help), and an ornamental lake, setting for a spectacular *son et lumière* show, 'Sink the Belgrano'. The Thatcher Pavilion houses a lifelike waxwork reconstruction of a Cabinet meeting. On certain days this is replaced by an actual Cabinet meeting — handsome prizes for visitors who can spot the difference. Free movie shows include the new award-winning comedy-thriller starring the PM herself as a Victorian heroine in 'Maggie by Gaslight'. Norman Tebbit is in charge of exciting 'On Yer Bike' races. And you can be Maggie's guest in a full-size replica of Number Ten, where Denis will be waiting to pour you a refreshing glass of South African laager.

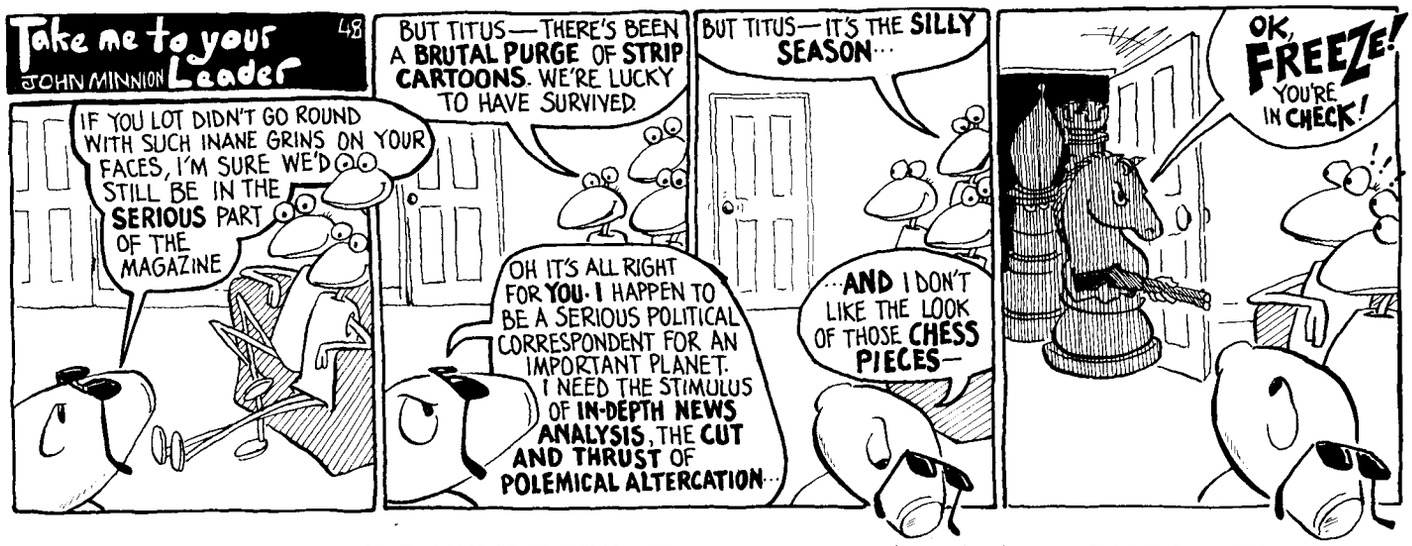
STANLEY V. SHARPLESS

KILROYSILKWOOD — especially popular with the kiddies is the opportunity to sit at the controls of a maroon BMW used by Robert for getting the hell out of Knowsley as often as could be permitted. When it rains there's always the Chamber of Horrors with gruesome waxworks of Derek Hatton and Tony Mulhearn. Every four hours in the summer months there's a special *son et lumière* when a lifesize model of Robert, dressed as Tarzan, sweeps down from the trees on a creeper to administer a savage death-kick to the Millies. Particularly popular with the ladies is the fashion hall where Robert's full range of day and evening wear can be seen including The Candidate's Suit, The Buckinghamshire Saturday Morning white chunky sweater and corduroy slacks, The Wogan Floral Shirt, The WEA Leather Jacket, etc. And don't miss the artist's impression of the 20-foot statue of Robert planned to be erected outside the Kirkby Unemployed Centre and coated with aerosol-resistant lacquer.

NICHOLAS MURRAY

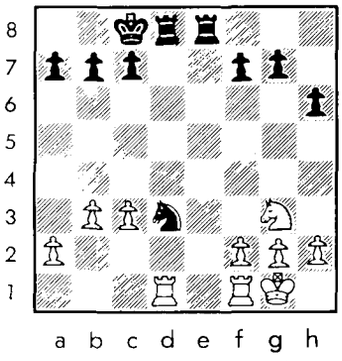
Incorporating 'The Nation', 'The Athenaeum' and 'The Week-end Review'. Registered as a newspaper. Typesetting by Tocatta Graphics, Tabard House, 116 Southwark Street, London SE1
Printed by Benham & Co Ltd, Sheepen Place, Colchester CO3 3LH. Published by The Statesman & Nation Publishing Co. Ltd at 14-16 Farringdon Lane, London EC1R 3AU.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED


Take me to your Leader
JOHN MINNION
48
IF YOU LOT DIDN'T GO ROUND WITH SUCH INANE GRINS ON YOUR FACES, I'M SURE WE'D STILL BE IN THE SERIOUS PART OF THE MAGAZINE
BUT TITUS—THERE'S BEEN A BRUTAL PURGE OF STRIP CARTOONS. WE'RE LUCKY TO HAVE SURVIVED
OH IT'S ALL RIGHT FOR YOU. I HAPPEN TO BE A SERIOUS POLITICAL CORRESPONDENT FOR AN IMPORTANT PLANET. I NEED THE STIMULUS OF IN-DEPTH NEWS ANALYSIS, THE CUT AND THRUST OF POLEMICAL ALTERCATION...
BUT TITUS—IT'S THE SILLY SEASON...
...AND I DON'T LIKE THE LOOK OF THOSE CHESS PIECES—
OK, FREEZE! YOU'RE IN CHECK!

Chess

IN A FEW years even the quality of such players as Kasparov and Karpov may not be of much interest to us since, for all their abilities, they do share a common limitation. A new potential challenger has emerged and threatens to crush all opposition. As an example of the phenomenon's play consider the continuation from the following position, which occurred in this year's World Open in New York:



Level material, symmetrical pawns, pretty sterile, eh? Here's what happened: **27. h3 g6 28. Rd2 Nf4 29. Rfd1 Re1 + ! 30. Rxe1 Rxd2 31. Re4 Nd3 32. Re2 Rd1 + 33. Kh2 f5!** Having obtained the more active Rook, Black robs the White Knight of squares. **34. h4 h5 35. f3 Kd7 36. Nf1 Nc1 37. Rf2** 37. Ne3 Nxe2 38. Nxd1 Nc1 costs White a pawn. **f4 38. c4?** Allows the decisive penetration by the Black King. 38. Kg1 was a better move, when I think Black would have continued 38 . . . Kc6 39. Rc2 a5 with . . . a4 to follow. **Kc6 39. Kg1 Kc5 40. b4 + Kd4! 41. Rc2 Kd3 42. Rf2 Ne2 + 43. Kh2 Ra1 44. g3 Rxa2 45. gxf4 Ra4** — all White's Q-side pawns fell and the game was over in a few more moves.

The winner of this ending (rather in the style of Capablanca, don't you think?) does not share the limitation common to the two Ks — it isn't human. Black was Hi-tech, a program developed by former world correspondence champion Hans Berliner, and its victim was Paul Simon (US rating 2207). Hi-Tech has already attained a US rating of 2400, but Berliner is aiming much higher than that, in fact for an Elo rating of 2600. In FIDE's July rating list there were just ten players (including Nigel Short, on 2615) with ratings above 2600. Of all those ultimately inevitable things about which one might pray 'But, please, not in my time', it now seems that it will come to pass within a decade or two at the most that machines will play better chess than any human being.

IF TIME IS running out for the human game, we can at least pause to celebrate the exploits of one of the weirdest and most wonderful exponents. At 40 Michael Basman was the oldest player competing in the Kleinwort Grieveson British Championship, yet in spite of a ghastly blunder against Chandler in the last round made an excellent showing with 7/11. On the way he produced a number of games with his own distinctive blend of a loony opening followed by masterly positional play:

Basman-Arkell, Southampton 1986. Basmanic System.
1. g4 e5 2. c4 h5 3. gxh5 Rxh5 4. Nc3 Nc6 5. d3 d6 6. Bg2 Nf6 7. h4 Ng4 8. Nf3 Nd4 White appears to be in trouble over his h-pawn, but Basman finds an ingenious way out. **9. Bg5 f6 10. Bd2 f5 11. Bg5 Be7 12. Bxe7 Qxe7 13. Nxd4 exd4 14. Nd5 Qd8 15. Qa4 + ! c6** One of the points of White's play is the amusing variation 15 . . . Bd7 16. Qa5! b6 17. Nxb6 cxb6 18. Qd5 Rb8 19. Qg8 +. **16. Nf4! Rh6!** Another is 16 . . . Rxh4 17. Bxc6 + bxc6 18. Rxh4 Qxh4 19. Qxc6 + Kf7 20. Qd5 + Kf6 21. Qxd6 + with a strong attack. **17. h5 Bd7 18. Qb4! Qc7** According to Basman Black should have played 18 . . . Qb6. **19. Qd2 0-0-0 20. b4 Kb8 21. a4 d5 22. cxd5 Qe5** Black is threatening 23 . . . Ne3!. **23. Ng6 Qd6 24. Rc1 cxd5 25. Rc5 Bc6 26. Qg5 a5!?** So that if 27. Qxf5 axb4 28. Rxc6 Qxc6 29. Qxg4 fails to Qc1 mate. **27. bxa5 Be8 28. Nf4 Rf6 29. Rc1 Qb4 + 30. Kf1 Qd2 31. Re1 Bxa4 32. Bf3 Rd7 33. Kg2 Ka7 34. Ra1 Bc6 35. Rhd1 Qc3 36. Ng6 Qc5 37. Qf4 Qd6 38. Qxd4 + Kb8 39. Rh1 Re6 40. Nf4 Re8 41. a6 Re4** Arkell decides that it is time to switch to swindle-mode, as the endgame after 41 . . . Qe5 42. Qxe5 Rxe5 43. d4 is hopeless. **42. dxe4 Qxf4 43. axb7 Rxb7 44. Rh3!** Basman points out the fiendish trap 44. Qc5? fxe4 45. Qxc6 exf3 + 46. exf3 Ne3 + ! and forces mate. **Ne5 45. e3 Nxf3 46. Rxf3 Qg4 + 47. Rg3 Qxe4 + 48. Qxe4 fxe4 49. Rg5 Rf7 50. Rg6 Bb7 51. Ra4 Kc7 52. Kg1 Kc8 53. Rb4 Kc7 54. Kf1 Bc8 55. Rb5 Bb7 56. Ke2 Kd8 57. Rb1 Ke8 58. h6! 1-0.** An elegant conclusion.

Notes based on Basman's from the tournament bulletin — which is available from Richard O'Brien, 48 Tierney Road, London SW2.

George Botterill

New Statesman, 14-16 Farringdon Lane, London EC1R 3AU
Tel: 01-253 2001/Editorial: 01-253 2003
Telex: 28449/Cables: Newstat, London EC1
© 1986 Statesman & Nation Publishing Co Ltd & contributors
Published and distributed by The Statesman & Nation Publishing Co Ltd

Editor: John Lloyd; **Books and Arts Editor:** Harriett Gilbert; **Writers:** Sarah Benton, Duncan Campbell, Jane Dibblin, Rob Edwards (Scotland), Patrick Forbes, Peter Kellner (Political Editor), Andrew Lumsden, John Rentoul; **Deputy Books & Arts Editor:** Malcolm Imrie; **Poetry Editor:** Hugo Williams; **Production Manager:** Joanne Hurst; **Layout & design:** Vicky Hutchings; **Editorial Assistant:** Jane Thomas

Subscriptions: Cecilia Milton, Joan Scanlon; **Circulation:** Liz Cooper, John Duncan, Karin Jensen; **Display advertisements:** Laura Berryman, Michael Roberts (01-253 2001); **Classified advertisements:** David Jones (01-251 5487)

Subscription rates: UK & Eire £40; Europe (air mail only £46); rest of world: air speeded £51; air mail £61. USA: air speeded $70; air mail $85. Canada: air speeded Can $90; air mail Can $115.

Second class postage paid at New York, NY USPS 382260. Air freight in US by Speedimpex USA Inc. (US Postmaster: Address changes should be sent to New Statesman, Speedimpex USA Inc., 45-45 39th Street, Long Island City, NY 11104)

Unsolicited manuscripts and artwork will only be returned if an SAE is enclosed.

This England

£3 Book Tokens for entries printed
(On postcards please.)

☐ Councillor Delphine Joseph warns: 'Topless sunbathing is not welcome here. I think it could frighten the dogs and give the girls colds in their chests.' — *Daily Express* (Neil Fodor)

☐ A ghost-busting clergyman has told a terrified Derbyshire couple to make friends with the eerie poltergeist which has invaded their home. The Bishop of Derby's advisor on the paranormal says the nerve-wracked Padgetts should treat the ghost as a member of the family. And the couple have been advised to give the poltergeist a nickname like Fred or Bill. — *Derby Evening Telegraph* (Derek Morgan)

☐ At Leicestershire's Twycross Zoo, director Molly Badham says the most interesting stimulus is the television. The apes have two colour sets. 'Roland Rat and westerns are popular as they're full of action,' says Miss Badham. 'But what really sends the chimps berserk is the wrestling. They get up and thump the set and make warning noises for us to behave ourselves. They think humans are quite mad.' — *Daily Telegraph* (George Moor)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

We give the New Statesman the works.

We're an agency that holds nothing back.
We work very hard for our clients and provide a dedicated,
comprehensive service; the whole works, in fact.
The New Statesman is one of our clients,
so when its front cover features advertising agencies,
where else could we be but giving them back up.
If you want to know how well our wholehearted approach works,
contact Bob Maitland, Rob Hards or Chris Gill.

M·H·G
THE WHOLE WORKS

Maitland · Hards · Gill · Advertising · 50 · Berwick Street · London · W1V 3RA · Telephone 01-439 0305

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED